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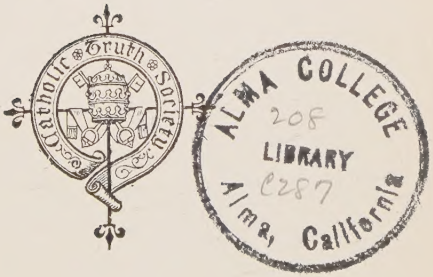

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LETTER APOSTOLIC
OF HIS HOLINESS LEO XIII.

BY DIVINE PROVIDENCE POPE

CONCERNING ANGLICAN ORDERS

(*Apostolicæ Curæ*)

LEO, BISHOP,

SERVANT OF THE SERVANTS OF GOD.

IN PERPETUAL REMEMBRANCE.

WE have dedicated to the welfare of the noble English nation no small portion of the Apostolic care and charity by which, helped by His grace, We endeavour to fulfil the office and follow in the footsteps of "*The Great Shepherd of the Sheep*,"* our Lord Jesus Christ. The Letter which last year We sent to "*the English seeking the Kingdom of Christ in the unity of the faith*," is a special witness of Our goodwill towards England. In it We recalled the memory of the ancient union of her people with Mother Church, and We strove to hasten the day of a happy reconciliation by stirring up men's hearts to offer diligent prayer to God. And, again, more recently, when it seemed good to Us to treat more fully the Unity of the Church in a general Letter, England had not the last place in Our mind, in the hope that Our teaching might both strengthen Catholics and bring the saving light to those divided from Us.

It is pleasing to acknowledge the generous way in which Our zeal and plainness of speech, inspired by no mere human

* Heb. xiii. 20.

motives, have met the approval of the English people; and this testifies not less to their courtesy than to the solicitude of many for their eternal salvation.

Reasons for Reopening the Question.*

1. With the same mind and intention We have now determined to turn Our consideration to a matter of no less importance, which is closely connected with the same subject and with Our desires. For already the general belief, confirmed more than once by the action and constant practice of the Church, maintained that when in England, shortly after it was rent from the centre of Christian unity, a new rite for conferring Holy Orders was publicly introduced under Edward VI., the true Sacrament of Orders, as instituted by Christ, lapsed, and with it the hierarchical succession. For some time, however, and in these last years especially, a controversy has sprung up as to whether the Sacred Orders conferred according to the Edwardine Ordinal possessed the nature and effect of a sacrament; those in favour of the absolute validity, or of a doubtful validity, being not only certain Anglican writers, but some few Catholics, chiefly non-English. The consideration of the excellency of the Christian priesthood moved Anglican writers in this matter, desirous as they were that their own people should not lack the twofold power over the Body of Christ. Catholic writers were impelled by a wish to smooth the way for the return of Anglicans to holy unity. Both, indeed, thought that in view of studies brought up to the level of recent research, and of new documents rescued from oblivion, it was not inopportune to re-examine the question by Our authority. And We, not disregarding such desires and opinions, and, above all, obeying the dictates of Apostolic charity, have considered that nothing should be left untried that might in any way tend to preserve souls from injury or procure their advantage.

* These paragraph headings have been introduced for the convenience of the English reader.

Prescribed Method of Examination.

2. It has, therefore, pleased Us graciously to permit the cause to be re-examined, so that through the extreme care taken in the new examination, all doubt, or even shadow of doubt, should be removed for the future. To this end We commissioned a certain number of men noted for their learning and ability, whose opinions in this matter were known to be divergent, to state the grounds of their judgments in writing. We then, having summoned them to Our person, directed them to interchange writings and further to investigate and discuss all that was necessary for a full knowledge of the matter. We were careful also that they should be able to re-examine all documents bearing on this question which were known to exist in the Vatican archives, to search for new ones, and even to have at their disposal all acts relating to this subject which are preserved by the Holy Office—or, as it is called, the Supreme Council—and to consider whatever had up to this time been adduced by learned men on both sides. We ordered them, when prepared in this way, to meet together in special sessions. These to the number of twelve were held under the presidency of one of the Cardinals of the Holy Roman Church, appointed by Ourselves, and all were invited to free discussion. Finally, We directed that the acts of these meetings, together with all other documents, should be submitted to Our Venerable Brethren, the Cardinals of the same Council, so that when all had studied the whole subject, and discussed it in Our presence, each might give his opinion.

Previous Decisions—Julius III. and Paul IV.

3. This order for discussing the matter having been determined upon, it was necessary, with a view to forming a true estimate of the real state of the question, to enter upon it, after careful inquiry as to how the matter stood in relation to the prescription and settled custom of the Apostolic See, the origin and force of which custom it

was undoubtedly of great importance to determine. For this reason, in the first place, the principal documents in which Our predecessors, at the request of Queen Mary, exercised their special care for the reconciliation of the English Church, were considered. Thus Julius III. sent Cardinal Reginald Pole, an Englishman, and illustrious in many ways, to be his Legate *a latere* for the purpose, "as his angel of peace and love," and gave him extraordinary and unusual mandates or faculties and directions for his guidance. These Paul IV. confirmed and explained.

And here, to interpret rightly the force of these documents, it is necessary to lay it down as a fundamental principle that they were certainly not intended to deal with an abstract state of things, but with a specific and concrete issue. For since the faculties given by these Pontiffs to the Apostolic Legate had reference to England only, and to the state of religion therein, and since the rules of action were laid down by them at the request of the said Legate, they could not have been mere directions for determining the necessary conditions for the validity of Ordinations in general. They must pertain directly to providing for Holy Orders in the said kingdom, as the recognised condition of the circumstances and times demanded. This, besides being clear from the nature and form of the said documents, is also obvious from the fact that it would have been altogether irrelevant to thus instruct the Legate—one whose learning had been conspicuous in the Council of Trent—as to the conditions necessary for the bestowal of the Sacrament of Orders.

To all rightly estimating these matters it will not be difficult to understand why, in the Letters of Julius III. issued to the Apostolic Legate on March 8, 1554, there is a distinct mention, first of those who, "*rightly and lawfully promoted*," might be maintained in their Orders; and then of others who, "*not promoted to Sacred Orders*," *might* "*be*

promoted if they were found to be worthy and fitting subjects." For it is clearly and definitely noted, as indeed was the case, that there were two classes of men: the first those who had really received Sacred Orders, either before the secession of Henry VIII., or, if after it and by ministers infected by error and schism, still according to the accustomed Catholic rite; the second, those who were initiated according to the Edwardine Ordinal, who on that account could be *promoted*, since they had received an ordination which was null. And that the mind of the Pope was this and nothing else is clearly confirmed by the Letter of the said Legate (January 29, 1555), sub-delegating his faculties to the Bishop of Norwich. Moreover, what the Letters of Julius III. themselves say about freely using the Pontifical faculties, even in behalf of those who had received their consecration "*minus rite* and not according to the accustomed form of the Church," is to be especially noted. By this expression those only could be meant who had been consecrated according to the Edwardine rite, since besides it and the Catholic form there was then no other in England.

This becomes even still clearer when we consider the legation which, on the advice of Cardinal Pole, the Sovereign Princes, Philip and Mary, sent to the Pope in Rome in the month of February 1555. The royal ambassadors—three men "most illustrious and endowed with every virtue," of whom one was Thomas Thirlby, Bishop of Ely—were charged to inform the Pope more fully as to the religious condition of the country, and especially to beg that he would ratify and confirm what the Legate had been at pains to effect, and had succeeded in effecting, towards the reconciliation of the kingdom with the Church. For this purpose all the necessary written evidence and the pertinent parts of the new Ordinal were submitted to the Pope. The Legation having been splendidly received, and their evidence having been "diligently discussed" by several of the

Cardinals, "after mature deliberation," Paul IV. issued his Bull *Præclara carissimi* on June 20 of that same year. In this, whilst giving full force and approbation to what Pole had done, it is ordered in the matter of the Ordination as follows: "*Those who have been promoted to Ecclesiastical Orders . . . . by any one but by a bishop validly and lawfully ordained are bound to receive those Orders again.*" But who those bishops not "*validly and lawfully ordained*" were had been made sufficiently clear by the foregoing documents and the faculties used in the said matter by the Legate; those, namely, who had been promoted to the Episcopate, as others to other Orders, "*not according to the accustomed form of the Church,*" or, as the Legate himself wrote to the Bishop of Norwich, "*the form and intention of the Church*" not having been observed. These were certainly those promoted according to the new form of rite, to the examination of which the Cardinals specially deputed had given their careful attention. Neither should the passage much to the point in the same Pontifical Letter be overlooked where, together with others needing dispensation, are enumerated those "*who had obtained as well Orders as benefices nulliter et de facto.*" For to obtain orders *nulliter* means the same as by an act null and void, that is, *invalid*, as the very meaning of the word and as common parlance require. This is especially clear when the word is used in the same way about Orders as about "ecclesiastical benefices." These, by the undoubted teaching of the sacred canons, were clearly null if given with any vitiating defect. Moreover, when some doubted as to who, according to the mind of the Pontiff, could be called and considered bishops "*validly and lawfully ordained,*" the said Pope shortly after, on October 30, issued further Letters in the form of a Brief, and said: "*We, wishing to remove the doubt and to provide opportunely for the peace of conscience of those who during the schism were promoted to Orders, by expressing more clearly the mind and*

intention which We had in the aforesaid Letters, declare that only those Bishops and Archbishops who were not ordained and consecrated in the form of the Church cannot be said to have been validly and lawfully ordained." Unless this declaration had applied to the actual case in England—that is to say, to the Edwardine Ordinal—the Pope would certainly have done nothing by these last Letters for the removal of doubt and the restoration of peace of conscience. Further, it was in this sense that the Legate understood the documents and commands of the Apostolic See and duly and conscientiously obeyed them; and the same was done by Queen Mary and the rest who helped to restore Catholicism to its former state.

Invariable Practice of the Holy See.

4. The authority of Julius III. and of Paul IV., which we have quoted, clearly shows the origin of that practice which has been observed without interruption for more than three centuries, that Ordinations conferred according to the Edwardine rite should be considered null and void. This practice is fully proved by the numerous cases of absolute re-ordination according to the Catholic rite even in Rome. In the observance of this practice we have a proof directly affecting the matter in hand. For if by any chance doubt should remain as to the true sense in which these Pontifical documents are to be understood, the principle holds good that "*Custom is the best interpreter of law.*" Since in the Church it has ever been a constant and established rule that it is sacrilegious to repeat the Sacrament of Order, it never could have come to pass that the Apostolic See should have silently acquiesced and tolerated such a custom. But not only did the Apostolic See tolerate this practice, but approved and sanctioned it as often as any particular case arose which called for its judgment in the matter.

We adduce two facts of this kind out of many which have from time to time been submitted to the Supreme Council of the Holy Office. The first was (in 1684) of a certain French Calvinist, and the other (in 1704) of John Clement Gordon; both of whom had received their Orders according to the Edwardine ritual. In the first case, after a searching investigation, the consultors, not a few in number, gave in writing their answers—or, as they call it, their *vota*—and the rest unanimously agreed with their conclusion *for the invalidity of the Ordination*, and only on account of reasons of opportuneness did the Cardinals deem it well to answer by a *dilata* [viz., not to formulate the conclusion at the moment]. The same documents were called into use and considered again at the examination of the second case, and additional written statements of opinion were also obtained from consultors, and the most eminent doctors of the Sorbonne and of Douai were likewise asked for their opinion. No safeguard which wisdom and prudence could suggest to ensure the thorough sifting of the question was neglected.

Decree of Clement XI. and its Importance.

5. And here it is important to observe that although Gordon himself, whose case it was, and some of the consultors had adduced, amongst the reasons which went to prove the invalidity, the Ordination of Parker, according to their own ideas about it, in the delivery of the decision this reason was altogether set aside, as documents of incontestable authenticity prove. Nor, in pronouncing the decision, was weight given to any other reason than the "*defect of form and intention*"; and in order that the judgment concerning this form might be more certain and complete, precaution was taken that a copy of the Anglican Ordinal should be submitted to examination, and that with it should be collated the Ordination forms gathered together from the various Eastern and Western rites. Then Clement XI. himself, with the unanimous vote of the Cardinals con-

cerned, on the *Feria V.*,* April 17, 1704, *decreed*: "John Clement Gordon shall be ordained from *the beginning and unconditionally* to all the Orders, even sacred Orders, and chiefly of priesthood, and in case he has not been confirmed he shall first receive the Sacrament of Confirmation." It is important to bear in mind that this judgment was in no wise determined by the omission of the *tradition of instruments*, for in such a case, according to the established custom, the direction would have been to repeat the Ordination *conditionally*; and still more important it is to note that the judgment of the Pontiff applies universally to all Anglican Ordinations, because, although it refers to a particular case, it is not based upon any reason special to that case, but upon the defect of form, which defect equally affects all these Ordinations: so much so, that when similar cases subsequently came up for decision the same decree of Clement XI. was quoted as the *norma*.

The Question already Definitely Settled.

6. Hence it must be clear to every one that the controversy lately revived had been already definitely settled by the Apostolic See, and that it is to the insufficient knowledge of these documents that we must perhaps attribute the fact that any Catholic writer should have considered it still an open question. But, as We stated at the beginning, there is nothing We so deeply and ardently desire as to be of help to men of good will by showing them the greatest consideration and charity. Wherefore We ordered that the Anglican Ordinal, which is the essential point of the whole matter, should be once more most carefully examined.

* The term *Feria V.* here used has a technical value. Ordinary meetings of the Supreme Council for the ratification of Decrees usually take place on the Wednesdays, and are marked *Feria IV.* But the special and solemn sessions, which in matters of graver import are held in the presence and under the presidency of the Pope himself, who thus in a special way makes the decisions his own, take place on Thursdays, and are marked *Feria V.*—Translator's Note.

The Anglican Ordinal.

7. In the examination of any rite for the effecting and administering of a Sacrament, distinction is rightly made between the part which is *ceremonial* and that which is *essential*, usually called the *matter and form*. All know that the Sacraments of the New Law, as sensible and efficient signs of invisible grace, ought both to signify the grace which they effect, and effect the grace which they signify. Although the signification ought to be found in the whole essential rite—that is to say, in the matter and form—it still pertains chiefly to the form; since the matter is a part which is not determined by itself, but which is determined by the form. And this appears still more clearly in the Sacrament of Orders, the matter of which, in so far as We have to consider it in this case, is the imposition of hands, which indeed by itself signifies nothing definite, and is equally used for several Orders and for Confirmation. But the words which until recently were commonly held by Anglicans to constitute the proper form of priestly Ordination—namely, "*Receive the Holy Ghost*," certainly do not in the least definitely express the Sacred Order of Priesthood, or its grace and power, which is chiefly the power "*of consecrating and of offering the true Body and Blood of the Lord*" (Council of Trent, Sess. XXIII., *de Sacr. Ord.*, Can. 1) in that sacrifice which is no "*bare commemoration of the Sacrifice offered on the Cross*" (*ibid.*, Sess. XXII., *de Sacrif. Missæ*, Can. 3). This form had indeed afterwards added to it the words "*for the office and work of a priest*," etc.; but this rather shows that the Anglicans themselves perceived that the first form was defective and inadequate. But even if this addition could give to the form its due signification, it was introduced too late, as a century had already elapsed since the adoption of the Edwardine Ordinal; for, as the Hierarchy had become extinct, there remained no power of ordaining. In vain has help been recently sought for the plea of the

validity of Orders from the other prayers of the same Ordinal. For, to put aside other reasons which show this to be insufficient for the purpose in the Anglican rite, let this argument suffice for all: from them has been deliberately removed whatever sets forth the dignity and office of the priesthood in the Catholic rite. That form consequently cannot be considered apt or sufficient for the Sacrament which omits what it ought essentially to signify.

The same holds good of Episcopal Consecration. For to the formula "*Receive the Holy Ghost*," not only were the words "*for the office and work of a bishop*," etc., added at a later period, but even these, as we shall presently state, must be understood in a sense different to that which they bear in the Catholic rite. Nor is anything gained by quoting the prayer of the preface *Almighty God*, since it in like manner has been stripped of the words which denote the *summum sacerdotium*. It is not here relevant to examine whether the Episcopate be a completion of the priesthood or an Order distinct from it, or whether when bestowed, as they say *per saltum*, on one who is not a priest, it has or has not its effect. But the Episcopate undoubtedly by the institution of Christ most truly belongs to the Sacrament of Orders and constitutes the sacerdotium in the highest degree, namely, that which by the teaching of the Holy Fathers and our liturgical customs is called the *summum sacerdotium, sacri ministerii summa*. So it comes to pass that, as the Sacrament of Orders and the true sacerdotium of Christ were utterly eliminated from the Anglican rite, and hence the sacerdotium is in no wise conferred truly and validly in the Episcopal consecration of the same rite, for the like reason, therefore, the Episcopate can in no wise be truly and validly conferred by it; and this the more so because among the first duties of the Episcopate is that of ordaining ministers for the Holy Eucharist and sacrifice.

The Mind and Aim of those who composed the Anglican Ordinal.

8. For the full and accurate understanding of the Anglican Ordinal, besides what we have noted as to some of its parts, there is nothing more pertinent than to consider carefully the circumstances under which it was composed and publicly authorized. It would be tedious to enter into details, nor is it necessary to do so, as the history of that time is sufficiently eloquent as to the animus of the authors of the Ordinal against the Catholic Church, as to the abettors whom they associated with themselves from the heterodox sects, and as to the end they had in view. Being fully cognisant of the necessary connection between faith and worship, between "*the law of believing and the law of praying*," under a pretext of returning to the primitive form, they corrupted the liturgical order in many ways to suit the errors of the reformers. For this reason in the whole Ordinal not only is there no clear mention of the sacrifice, of consecration, of the sacerdotium, and of the power of consecrating and offering sacrifice, but, as we have just stated, every trace of these things, which had been in such prayers of the Catholic rite as they had not entirely rejected, was deliberately removed and struck out. In this way the native character—or spirit, as it is called—of the Ordinal clearly manifests itself. Hence, if, vitiated in its origin, it was wholly insufficient to confer Orders, it was impossible that in the course of time it could become sufficient, since no change had taken place. In vain those who, from the time of Charles I., have attempted to hold some kind of sacrifice or of priesthood, have made some additions to the Ordinal. In vain also has been the contention of that small section of the Anglican body formed in recent times, that the said Ordinal can be understood and interpreted in a sound and orthodox sense. Such efforts, We affirm, have been and are made in vain, and for this reason, that any words in the Anglican Ordinal, as it now is, which lend themselves to ambiguity, cannot be taken in the same

sense as they possess in the Catholic rite. For once a new rite has been initiated in which, as we have seen, the Sacrament of Orders is adulterated or denied, and from which all idea of consecration and sacrifice has been rejected, the formula "*Receive the Holy Ghost*" no longer holds good; because the Spirit is infused into the soul with the grace of the Sacrament, and the words "*for the office and work of a priest or bishop*" and the like no longer hold good, but remain as words without the reality which Christ instituted.

Several of the more shrewd Anglican interpreters of the Ordinal have perceived the force of this argument, and they openly urge it against those who take the Ordinal in a new sense and vainly attach to the Orders conferred thereby a value and efficacy which they do not possess. By this same argument is refuted the contention of those who think that the prayer *Almighty God, giver of all good things*, which is found at the beginning of the ritual action, might suffice as a legitimate form of Orders, even in the hypothesis that it might be held to be sufficient in a Catholic rite approved by the Church.

Catholic Doctrine of Intention.

9. With this inherent *defect of form* is joined the *defect of intention*, which is equally essential to the Sacrament. The Church does not judge about the mind or intention in so far as it is something by its nature internal; but in so far as it is manifested externally she is bound to judge concerning it. When any one has rightly and seriously made use of the due form and the matter requisite for effecting or conferring the Sacrament, he is considered by the very fact to do what the Church does. On this principle rests the doctrine that a Sacrament is truly conferred by the ministry of one who is a heretic or unbaptised, provided the Catholic rite be employed. On the other hand, if the rite be changed, with the manifest intention of introducing another rite not approved by the Church and of rejecting what the Church does, and what by the

institution of Christ belongs to the nature of the Sacrament, then it is clear that not only is the necessary intention wanting to the Sacrament, but that the intention is adverse to and destructive of the Sacrament.

Decision of the Holy Office and the Pope's Final Decree.

10. All these matters have been long and carefully considered by Ourselves and by Our Venerable Brethren, the Judges of the Supreme Council, of whom it has pleased Us to call a special meeting upon the *Feria V.*, the 16th day of July last, upon the solemnity of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. They with one accord agreed that the question laid before them had been already adjudicated upon with full knowledge of the Apostolic See, and that this renewed discussion and examination of the issues had only served to bring out more clearly the wisdom and accuracy with which that decision had been made. Nevertheless We deemed it well to postpone a decision in order to afford time, both to consider whether it would be fitting or expedient that We should make a fresh authoritative declaration upon the matter, and to humbly pray for a fuller measure of Divine guidance. Then, considering that this matter of practice, although already decided, had been by certain persons, for whatever reason, recalled into discussion, and that thence it might follow that a pernicious error would be fostered in the minds of many who might suppose that they possessed the Sacrament and effects of Orders, where these are nowise to be found, it has seemed good to Us in the Lord to pronounce Our judgment.

Wherefore, strictly adhering in this matter to the decrees of the Pontiffs, Our predecessors, and confirming them most fully, and, as it were, renewing them by Our authority, of Our own motion and certain knowledge We pronounce and declare that Ordinations carried out according to the Anglican rite have been and are absolutely null and utterly void.

It remains for Us to say that even as We have entered upon the elucidation of this grave question in the name and

in the love of the Great Shepherd, in the same We appeal to those who desire and seek with a sincere heart the possession of a hierarchy and of Orders. Perhaps until now aiming at the greater perfection of Christian virtue, and searching more devoutly the Divine Scriptures, and redoubling the fervour of their prayers, they have, nevertheless, hesitated in doubt and anxiety to follow the voice of Christ, which so long has interiorly admonished them. Now they see clearly whither He in His goodness invites them and wills them to come. In returning to His one only fold, they will obtain the blessings which they seek, and the consequent helps to salvation of which he has made the Church the dispenser and, as it were, the constant guardian and promoter of His Redemption amongst the nations. Then indeed "*they shall draw waters in joy from the fountains of the Saviour*," * His wondrous Sacraments, whereby his faithful souls have their sins truly remitted and are restored to the friendship of God, are nourished and strengthened by the Heavenly Bread, and abound with the most powerful aids for their eternal salvation. May the God of Peace, the God of all consolation, in His infinite tenderness enrich and fill with all these blessings those who truly yearn for them.

We wish to direct Our exhortation and Our desires in a special way to those who are ministers of religion in their respective communities. They are men who from their very office take precedence in learning and authority, and who have at heart the glory of God and the salvation of souls. Let them be the first in joyfully submitting to the Divine call, and obey it and furnish a glorious example to others. Assuredly with an exceeding great joy their Mother the Church will welcome them, and will cherish with all her love and care those whom the strength of their generous souls has amidst many trials and difficulties led back to her bosom. Nor could words express the recognition which this devoted courage will win for them from the assemblies of the

* Isai. xii. 3.

brethren throughout the Catholic world, or what hope or confidence it will merit for them before Christ as their Judge, or what reward it will obtain from Him in the Heavenly Kingdom. And We ourselves in every lawful way shall continue to promote their reconciliation with the Church in which individuals and masses, as We ardently desire, may find so much for their imitation. In the meantime, by the tender mercy of the Lord Our God, We ask and beseech all to strive faithfully to follow in the open path of Divine Grace and Truth.

We decree that these Letters and all things contained therein shall not be liable at any time to be impugned or objected to by reason of fault or any other defect whatsoever of subreption or obreption of Our intention, but are and shall be always valid and in force, and shall be inviolably observed both juridically and otherwise, by all of whatsoever degree and pre-eminence; declaring null and void anything which in these matters may happen to be contrariwise attempted, whether wittingly or unwittingly, by any person whatsoever by whatsoever authority or pretext, all things to the contrary notwithstanding.

We will that there shall be given to copies of these Letters, even printed, provided that they be signed by a notary and sealed by a person constituted in ecclesiastical dignity, the same credence that would be given to the expression of Our will by the showing of these presents.

Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, in the year of the Incarnation of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-six, on the Ides of September in the nineteenth year of Our Pontificate.

C. CARD. DE RUGGIERO.

A. CARD. BIANCHI,
PRO-DATARIUS.

VISA.

OFFICIAL OF DESPATCH DE CURIA: J. DELL' AQUILA VISCONTI.
In Place of ✠ the Seal.

Registered in the Secretariate of Briefs,
I. CUGNONI.

LEO XIII. AND THE REUNION OF CHRISTENDOM.*

BY

CARDINAL VAUGHAN.

Since we met this time last year Peter has spoken again by the mouth of Leo to all who labour for the Reunion of Christendom. I allude to the Encyclical *Satis cognitum*. And within the last few days you have read with interest the Apostolic Letter, given *in forma Bullae*, in which the question of the validity of Anglican Orders has been finally settled. I propose in this address to speak on each of these momentous documents.

The Encyclical 'Satis Cognitum.'

The Encyclical is an admirable exposition of the constitutional Unity of the Church. It declares the organic and inseparable connection between the Head and the Body, and shows that no man declining to recognize and obey the visible Head can be a member of the Catholic Church.

* Inaugural Address delivered at the Catholic Conference at Hanley, September 28, 1896; with corrections by the author.

By a not inconsiderable number of Anglicans this Letter of the Holy Father has been received with sympathy, and even with approval. By the large majority it has been rejected as containing an impossible demand upon their faith. I propose to answer four principal objections.

Objection I.

Papal Supremacy an Outgrowth of Imperial Rome.

The first objection is this: the Supremacy, which the Pope *de facto* exercises over the whole Catholic Church, is the outcome of the civil and temporal power which the Pontiffs acquired in imperial Rome.

To this I answer, that it can be shown that the Popes exercised their Supremacy over the whole Church before they became civil and temporal lords. They exercised it while the Christians of Rome were under the harrow of persecution, while they were hunted and hidden in the catacombs, while the Popes were, one after another, during three hundred years, laying down their lives in martyrdom. They exercised it in virtue of the local and universal tradition and belief that they were the successors of St. Peter.

The origin and cradle of Papal Supremacy are to be found not in Rome but in Holy Writ. Without quoting the greater, and the more numerous lesser, Petrine texts which appear in the New Testament, let me refer to a single incident:

On the eve of our Lord's Passion a rivalry broke out among the Apostles as to "which of them should seem to be the greater." Instead of declaring that there was to be, after His departure, no pre-eminence in the Church, our Lord distinctly laid down the contrary, and said openly

that the greater was to comport himself as though he were the younger. He added, "he that is the LEADER let him become as him that serveth. I am in the midst of you as one that serveth." Forthwith He went on to announce to the Apostles that they were to be formed into "A KINGDOM,"—"I dispose (or bequeath) to you, as My Father hath disposed to Me, *a Kingdom;*" and turning to Peter He promised him infallibility in Faith and solemnly commissioned him to "confirm his brethren" (St. Luke xxii.).

After Peter had learnt this and other lessons in humility that were to follow, it should surprise no one to find his government marked by a certain note of self-suppression. And I may ask, parenthetically, What dynasty can be named, but that of the long line of Peter, in which meekness, humility, and charity have been characteristic features, summed up, as they are, in the humble and significant title, *Servant of the Servants of God?*

That Peter was really the Head of the Church appears abundantly not only in the Gospels but in the Book of Acts. If he transferred his See from Antioch to Rome, it was from no motive of ambition; but in order that he might the more easily communicate with the whole world in fulfilment of his office. This would seem to be part of that providential dispensation which raised up the mighty fabric of the Roman Empire to be a means for the spread of Christianity.

Personal humility appears to have given a distinct colour to the life of St. Peter. His cheeks became furrowed by his tears; he dictated a Gospel, but would have it bear the name of his disciple Mark, not his own; and when he came to die he implored that he might be crucified with his head downwards, as it were below his Master's feet.

And if Peter and his successors have often merged their personality in the Church of Rome, as when in the Creed of Pope Pius IV. profession is made that "the *Roman Church* is the Mother and Mistress of All Churches," what does this prove? Does it prove that Papal Supremacy was born of the pride of imperial Rome? Not in the least. In the words of an impartial Anglican writer of the present day, Canon Everest, in his thoughtful work on *The Gift of the Keys*, "It may be good proof that the early Roman Bishops were, in their meekness and mild exercise of their prerogatives, very apostolic men; but it is no proof at all that the Roman Church did not derive its importance from its being presided over by the successors of St. Peter" (p. 59).

Sufficient documentary evidence has survived the wreck of the literature of the first three centuries to prove that Roman and Papal Supremacy has been exercised from the beginning. Not only did the Popes intervene, uninvited, in the affairs of distant Churches, but they threatened to excommunicate, and did actually excommunicate, Bishops and whole communities in Asia and Africa when to do so seemed necessary. Their supremacy was recognized, their authority accepted throughout the Church. Their claim was to be successors of St. Peter. The conduct of Popes St. Clement, St. Fabian, St. Victor, St. Zephyrinus, St. Callistus, and St. Stephen, and the language and behaviour of sub-apostolic and other early Fathers, attest the existence of Papal Supremacy. Without going into detail I may refer you to an admirable essay, *L'Eglise avant Constantin*, recently published by the Abbé Duchesne in a little volume entitled *Les Eglises Séparées*. He therein shows with perfect lucidity that Papal Supremacy was in active existence throughout the Church from the earliest date.

The same testimony is borne by Canon Everest. The German Protestant rationalist, Professor Harnack, comes to us, after patient researches among the documents of antiquity, as a witness from an opposite direction. He assures us that, long before the time of Constantine, during the period of persecution and while Rome was yet pagan, Catholicism, according to the modern meaning attached to that word, had been established in the great majority of Christian communities, and that the fundamental forms of Catholicism, as they are known to us, had taken definite shape in the Roman Church before the middle of the third century.* I sum up in the words of Canon Everest. After surveying the evidence he had collected to show that Papal Supremacy was not begotten of imperial Rome, he writes thus:

"Let any candid person ask himself the question which was most likely to give most importance to the Roman Church—its being located in the Imperial City [which was during all this time pagan and persecuting], or its being presided over by a successor of St. Peter. . . . It may be asked with some degree of confidence, whether any single instance of a Roman Bishop can be found who claimed his unique position in Christendom on any other ground than that he sat in the Chair of Peter" (p. 60).

And a little further on:

"Let the impartial reader consider what the admission of these facts [which he had cited] involves, and to what they all point: and then let him deny, if he can, that before the close of the second century after Christ, the Church recognized in the Bishop of Rome a successor to St. Peter, and, in virtue of that succession, occupying a place and having an authority superior to other Bishops. The

* Dogmengeschichte, I., Excurs. . . . *Kattolisch und Römisch.*

evidence is no doubt more or less what in law courts is called *circumstantial;* but, rightly considered, circumstantial evidence is the best of all evidence, because it consists of a number of facts larger or lesser, all pointing with one finger to the same conclusion" (p. 63).

Objection II.

The Pope Discards Development.

The next objection against the Encyclical is, that the Pope in stating the doctrine of Papal Supremacy has discarded the theory of development, and has thereby thrown over a strong scientific method for solving doctrinal difficulties.

My answer is that Leo XIII. has done nothing of the kind. That he has relied on something more tangible than theory is true. He has been able to adduce historical evidence, and to quote positive tradition, in proof of Papal Supremacy. But the Holy Father, far from denying the existence of a natural growth and evolution in the exercise of Papal Supremacy, shows conclusively how it has grown and expanded from age to age.

The theory of evolution, recently discovered and now apparently firmly established as a law of the physical world, long since found its place among the laws of our moral and spiritual nature. Its enunciation is contained in the well-known principle of the schoolmen, *Gratia semen gloriae.* And Cardinal Newman, while yet a Protestant, drew out the theory with a skill and a richness of illustration in a well-known work which alone might have made his name famous.

But to return to Papal Supremacy.

For myself, I should shrink from the assertion that Papal Supremacy was "deposited in the Church like a fructifying *germ*, which developed with the life of the Church." This would imply that for a period the Supremacy lay hidden, dormant and unknown. The *germ* theory, as applied to the Supremacy, ignores the patent facts of the New Testament and of the early Roman Church. I would rather say that the doctrine of Papal Supremacy was like unto a young and comely sapling planted by the hand of Christ, which grew and spread its branches, and renders its manifold benefits to mankind according to times and circumstances. So far from Supremacy lying for ages hidden in the *germ*, "the phenomenon was [to quote the words of a recent Anglican writer] that Rome did *not gradually rise;* but *at once* was allowed to have ecclesiastical Supremacy, even while her heathen government was the object of the bitter denunciations which we find in the Apocalypse" (Letter in *The Guardian*, August 19, 1896).

The theory of evolution, however, is abundantly applicable to the legitimate *growth* of Papal Supremacy. "According to the will of Providence," says Cardinal Hergenröther, "the Primacy was to enter into the domain of history; hence it could not be circumscribed within exact and sharply defined limits, but must be allowed such a freedom of movement and of development as would enable it to enforce in every sphere its divine power, according to the various circumstances and special needs of different ages." This view of the case in no way contradicts the teaching of the Encyclical; and so I take leave of the objection that the Pope has discarded the doctrine of development.

Objection III.

The Papacy is a Despotic and Arbitrary Power.

Another objection is that the Encyclical shows the Papacy to be a despotic and arbitrary power, alien therefore to the instinct of free Englishmen.

This objection springs from prejudice or from ignorance of facts. And first, let me observe that the idea of severing the Pope from the Church, in order to contemplate him acting as a despot or a tyrant, is simply vain and misleading. The hypothesis of such severance is contrary to the promises of Christ, who has made the visible Head and the visible Body—the Pope and the Church—inseparably united in one life. Unity is the first mark of the Church, "*Credo in unam. . . . Ecclesiam*," i.e., in the unity of the Head and the Body. Where the head is there must be the body. "*Ubi Petrus, ibi Ecclesia*."

Next, the Pope cannot become a despotic and arbitrary monarch, because there exist by his side two Powers, which he is obliged to recognize, defend, and maintain. By his office and by revelation he is bound to recognize and maintain (1) the power of the Episcopate. He cannot reduce the Bishops to the position of his Vicars. By divine right they govern the Church with him. This is recognized not only by General Councils, but by Leo XIII. himself in the present Encyclical.

The Pope is also bound by his office and by revelation (2) to recognize the Civil Power, as co-ordinate, supreme, and independent in its own sphere. And he is bound even to defend its rights, when needful. How fully Leo XIII. has discharged this duty by his Allocutions and

Encyclicals, the Civil Powers of the world bear ample and grateful testimony.

While, therefore, there always must exist by the side of the Pope, two such institutions as the Episcopate and the Civil Power, both of which he is bound to recognize and to defend, there can be no danger of the establishment of a papal despotism.

Papal Supremacy is checked by other limitations. It is limited by the doctrines of Revelation, of which the Pope is the chief, but not the only, guardian. It is practically limited by the decrees and canons of General Councils approved by his predecessors, and by the well known traditions of the Church. And, as a matter of fact, whenever the Pope defines or lays any grave obligation on the Church at large, it is his invariable practice to act only after consultation with the College of Cardinals, or with the Bishops of the Church, and sometimes only after having taken the *sensus communis fidelium*. This was done by Pius IX. and his predecessors before the definition of the Immaculate Conception was drawn up and promulgated.

To say, therefore, that the power of the Pope is a despotic or arbitrary power is to speak either in ignorance or from malevolence.

Objection IV.

We Won't Submit Our Soul to Any Human Power.

Bravo! I approve the sentiment. Why, then, be a perpetual slave to the vagaries of your own delusive private judgement in matters of religion? Why submit your soul to the clergyman who forbids you to speak to a priest, to

enter a Catholic Church, or to examine the claims of Popery? Your soul is not your own, if you may not ascertain for yourself whether or no there be a Divine Teacher in the world.

But in submitting to the Catholic Church you submit to no mere human authority. Protestants have lost the fundamental and elementary idea of the Catholic Church, namely, that it is a Divine Institution. Hence they are rarely able to grasp the nature and character of our obedience.

The Church is composed of two elements, the *Divine* and the human. The Divine element is the Divine Teacher. He secures to the visible Church her unity, authority, infallible teaching and sanctity, her gift of indefectibility. This Divine Teacher dwells in earthern vessels, preserving therein truth and grace, in spite of infirmities and scandals which check the spread of faith and charity.

Withdraw the Divine Teacher and the Church sinks at once into the category of human institutions, doomed to error and decay. The Divine Teacher is to the Church what the soul is to the human body. The Divine Teacher endows the Church with that spirit of liberty which has made her incidentally the rampart and guardian of human liberties.

Anglicans who charge the Church with infidelity by adding to the doctrines of faith, thereby prove themselves to have lost belief in the continued existence of a Divine Teacher in the world.

They grasp not the fact that it is the Divine Teacher who holds in safe custody the revealed truths of the deposit, who expands and defines those truths according to the need, for the consolation and prosperity of the Church in the midst of her enemies. They comprehend not that

the numerous doctrinal definitions, concerning the Blessed Trinity, the Incarnation, the Mother of God, the Blessed Eucharist, the teaching and governing power of the Pope, etc., are so many evidences not of a mere human, but of a Divine life.

They admit without difficulty that for several centuries the Church went on adding definition to definition, and creed to creed; and they accept those definitions and profess those creeds. But had they recognized the Divine Teacher as responsible for the definitions imposed upon the faithful in the Councils of Nice, Ephesus and Chalcedon they would also see His hand in the definitions of Florence, Trent and the Vatican. "It hath seemed good unto the Holy Ghost *and to us*" (*Acts* xv. 28).

But if they have forgotten the promises of Christ to His Church, let them at least employ the scientific theory of evolution to account for the legitimate growth of Catholic Doctrine, instead of betaking themselves to wild accusations and to the unscientific hypothesis that the doctrinal life of the Church ceased to expand, after a date arbitrarily fixed on by men outside her pale. As there was an Infallible Teacher under the Old Dispensation, so is there a Divine Teacher under the New, to whom all should submit. This is the difference between Catholics and Protestants—the former obey a Divine, the latter a human authority.

Men sometimes say that they would like to believe, but that intellectually they cannot; as though faith were a purely intellectual act, like a mathematical problem. The real hindrance is too often to be found in the *will*. "With the *heart* we believe unto justice" (Rom. x. 10). An obliquity, a cowardice, a vice in the moral nature may suffice to cloud the intellectual vision. Faith is coy, and will not enter or even present herself where the heart offers no welcome, and the door is locked and bolted.

Other Objections.

Objections have been raised by the Protestant *Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge* against the quotations used by Leo XIII. in this Encyclical. They have been replied to by Father Lucas in articles that have appeared recently in *The Tablet*, and that are to be printed in pamphlet form, and by Father Sydney Smith in *The Month*.* So I close this part of my address.

The Bull on Anglican Orders.

I now come to the Apostolic Bull *Apostolicae Curae*. By this document the Holy Father, as supreme and final judge in matters of faith and controversy, has solemnly declared that Anglican Orders are "null and void." I am not undervaluing the importance of this judgement when I say that its direct and personal interest is limited to an extremely small minority of the English people—to a minority even among Anglicans.

This minority holds, in common with ourselves, that the Divine Founder of Christianity established His religion as a sacramental and sacrificial system absolutely dependent upon a Sacerdotal Order instituted by Christ himself.

Its earnest and devout members believe, with us, that the supernatural life of the soul is created, nourished and perfected through the Sacraments; and that the Priests administering them possess miraculous powers, whereby they daily offer the true Sacrifice of Jesus Christ upon the altar, forgive the sins of men, and teach the truths of

* Father Sydney Smith has dealt with these objections at greater length in his volume "Companion to the Encyclical 'Satis Cognitum,'" published by the Catholic Truth Society, price 1s.

salvation with a Divine authority. This Priesthood is nothing less than the Priesthood of Jesus Christ. The perpetuation and the application to souls of this Divine sacrificial and sacramental economy is dependent upon a true and valid succession to the Priesthood of Christ. Hence arises a question of dogmatic fact, has this Priesthood been secured and perpetuated in the Church of England?

I know how warmly and fondly thousands among our Anglican friends have clung to the hope that they may possess a valid Priesthood and the grace of true Sacraments. And I hasten to say how deeply I sympathize with them in the pain and consternation which some of them feel in consequence of the formal condemnation of their Orders by the Catholic Church.

They may rest assured that nothing could have induced Leo XIII. to have pronounced this final judgement, short of overwhelming evidence, urgent charity, and imperative duty. But he is the chief guardian of the Sacraments, and he is a debtor to God and to souls for the due discharge of his supreme office as judge in these matters. No choice was, therefore, left to him in a matter so deeply affecting God's honour and the salvation of souls. The great mass of the Church of England, which is Erastian and Latitudinarian, is in no way affected by the declaration that Anglican Orders confer no power to offer sacrifice and to forgive sins. But it is very different with those among whom the belief has been steadily and rapidly spreading that they possess a Priesthood with all the blessings of a divine, sacramental and sacrificial system.

Narrative of the Case.

They have, of course, known all along that the whole sacerdotal and sacrificial system depends upon the validity of Holy Orders. They have known enough of Cranmer and his dealings with the Ordinal and the Altar, to dread what might be the permanent results of his handiwork. They know that the Erastian and Protestant Church of England as a body rejects all idea of a sacrificing priesthood. They had heard, though apparently they did not believe, that the Holy See had on several occasions pronounced judgement on this subject. It is not surprising, therefore, that a deep and reasonable anxiety as to the validity of their Orders should have accompanied what may be called the Romanizing movement in the Church of England from its very beginning.

Years ago some effort was made to obtain a recognition of Anglican Orders from the Greek Church; but without avail. Recently the Anglican case was carefully drawn up and submitted to the Jansenist authorities in Holland; but after much conference and long study, the judgement was unfavourable. Since then the question of Anglican Orders has been taken up by certain priests on the Continent: and they and the learned Anglicans, whose cause they had espoused, laid the whole elenchus of their arguments before the Holy See this very year. A large and exhaustive work was written in Latin by an Anglican theologian, who subsequently printed a further dissertation in Rome and distributed it among the Cardinals and their theologians. No effort, no skill, no industry were wanting on the part of the Anglicans and their friends to inform and convince the Holy See of the validity of Anglican Orders.

Their intelligence and their honest and straightforward conduct in helping to bring this matter to a close have merited the thanks of both English Catholics and Protestants.

The Holy See, having taken everything into consideration, acted in the only way that was possible, namely, upon the evidence and the merits of the case. It has never had difficulty in recognizing as valid the Orders of the Greek and other Eastern Schismatics, because the evidence of their validity is sufficient. And now it has not condemned Anglican Orders because they were Anglican, or given in heresy or schism. It has condemned them simply because the evidence has conclusively proved them to be null and void.

I may say without hesitation that Leo XIII's well-known large-mindedness and sympathies would have naturally led him to avoid an unfavourable judgement, had it been possible to have done so. His desire would have been to give pleasure and comfort rather than pain to persons, for whom he has nothing but good will. But the facts and the evidence admitted of no doubt. He, therefore, delivered a clear and definite judgement, tempered by all the consideration and kindliness which mark his Apostolic character.

Some of our Anglican friends have declared that this denial to them of Apostolic Succession and Orders closes the door against the reunion of Christendom so far as they are concerned. But if they be true in their former professions, this can only be said under the effect of pardonable irritation and disappointment. The validity of Anglican Orders could never form even a single plank in the platform of either corporate or individual Reunion.

Reunion means submission to a Divine Teacher. When men have found the Divine Teacher and determined, at

whatever cost, to submit to Him, there will be Reunion. And Reunion with the Catholic Church can never take place on any other terms. This was well known. The question of Anglican Orders, therefore, was never in it.

Others had already confided to the public, months before judgement was delivered, that they intended not to care for the Papal decision, if adverse: that they had quite made up their mind to rest satisfied with such Orders as they have. To this I reply: Be it so. They are responsible to their Judge, not to us, for their words and acts. As usual, in their misfortune they reproach the Apostolic See. But with their mouth full of reproaches, they must face this fact: that neither Jansenist, Russian, Greek, nor any of the Eastern Sects who possess valid Orders, have ever been able or willing to recognize the validity of Anglican Orders. These stand alone, shivering in their insular isolation —and worse—for they are disowned within their own Communion as well as by the immense majority of the English people. "*Securus judicat orbis terrarum.*"

But there are grave and earnest men and women, not standing in the front line, who are more independent and weigh matters for themselves. They realize all that is at stake. How can they any longer trust in a Sacramental system which is condemned as null and void by the Catholic Church? How shocking to adore as Very God elements that are but bread and wine, and to bend down after auricular Confession in order to receive a mere human and useless Absolution!

Yet however painful this awakening from a dream, they will say that it is surely better to know the truth, to face the reality than to live in a world of religious delusion. For those who can speak thus calmly, the close of this controversy will usher in a period of grace and conversion. "God gives His grace to the humble."

Efficacy of Anglican Orders.

But many will reply, and have replied: We cannot disbelieve in the efficacy of Anglican Orders, because we have experienced sensible proofs of the grace which they have wrought in our souls. We cannot disown the breasts which have nurtured us. Is not the tree known by its fruits? To this I answer: We have no difficulty in believing that you have received these visitations of grace, and that you have received them at the times when you frequented sacraments that were absolutely null and void. That you, being in perfect good faith and sincerity, should have received grace from God, is no more proof of the validity of Anglican Orders than it is of the truth of the Anglican system.

Of course you have received grace while Anglicans. Grace is offered to all men, by whatever name they may be called. *Spiritus Domini replet orbem terrarum*, the Spirit of God fills the whole world. It is offered even to those who are born in the deepest errors, and it goes on, little by little, where there is good faith and earnestness, like the light coming out of the darkness of night, until it reach the perfect day.

God is accustomed to bestow His grace in two ways; through the Sacraments, *ex opere operato*, and through the dispositions of the individual, *ex opere operantis*. The Sacraments bestow grace *ex opere operato*. For instance, when Baptism is administered to an infant, sacramental grace and regeneration are bestowed by virtue of the Divine ordinance, or, as we say, *ex opere operato*.

On the other hand, when a soul elicits personal acts of contrition, humility, love of God, Divine grace is bestowed

in consequence of these personal acts, that is, *ex opere operantis*. Thus the Church recommends her children to make a spiritual communion when they cannot receive sacramentally, or, in other words, to have recourse to grace obtained *ex opere operantis*, when it cannot be obtained also *ex opere operato*. The eliciting of the devout personal acts of preparation and piety is productive of grace—though of a much lesser grace than when Communion is actually and sacramentally received in the same good dispositions.

I am, therefore, quite ready to believe that Anglicans and others outside the Church may receive many graces while in good faith and devout dispositions they frequent even fictitious sacraments, administered by men who are equally in delusion as to the validity of their Orders. This is all quite possible, provided there be good faith and perfect sincerity. But I would refer those interested in this subject to Cardinal Newman's Third Lecture on *Anglican Difficulties*, in which he brings forward striking instances of piety not only in Anglicans, but also in Dissenters, unbelievers, and even apostates.

The Holy Father's Sympathy.

I have already expressed my own sincere sympathy with those Anglicans whose whole position and hopes are shattered by the formal declaration that their Orders are null and void. The Holy Father himself feels the tenderest concern for the welfare of these worthy and sincere persons, who are with us, in that they believe in a sacrificial and sacramental system, but are separated from us in that they have but the name and the shadow of that system, and are still actually outside the pale of the Church. More than this, he opens out his arms to receive

them. And departing altogether from the custom and the formal character of a juridical Bull, winds up his judgement with these words of paternal invitation and affection:

"We wish to direct Our exhortation and Our desires in a special way to those who are ministers of religion in their respective communities. They are men who from their very office take precedence in learning and authority, and who have at heart the glory of God and the salvation of souls. Let them be the first in joyfully submitting to the Divine call, and in obeying it to furnish a glorious example to others. Assuredly with an exceeding great joy their Mother, the Church, will welcome them and will cherish with all her love and care those whom the strength of their generous souls has amidst many trials and difficulties led back to her bosom. Nor could words express the recognition which this devoted courage will win for them from the assemblies of the brethren throughout the Catholic world, or what hope or confidence it will merit for them before Christ as their Judge, or what reward it will obtain from Him in the Heavenly Kingdom."

But the Holy Father has shown his gracious sympathy in a still more practical way. He has addressed to me the following most touching and paternal letter:

Leo XIII.'s Letter to Cardinal Vaughan.

"We need not remind you of Our special affection for England, and of Our ardent desire to provide in every way for the spiritual welfare of its sons. The many proofs of this you already know. One point, however, to the high importance of which you and your brethren in the Episcopate will not fail to give attention, greatly concerns Us at this moment; and it has led us to form a project which we

hasten to recommend to your zeal, and through you to the generous charity of the Catholics of England.

"We cannot without deep emotion contemplate the very painful, and sometimes even hopeless condition of converted Anglican clergymen, who, in prompt obedience to the call of divine grace, have entered into the Catholic Church. Withdrawn, in many cases, from a position of ease or comfort, they find themselves immediately after their conversion in a state most critical, and sometimes in absolute destitution, with no means of maintaining themselves, or of providing for the urgent needs of their families. By birth, by education, and by their habits of life, they are wholly unprepared for such enormous sacrifices; and when these privations are added to the cruel anguish of broken friendships and social isolation, it is hardly a matter for surprise if some find their courage fail them.

"Many, as We well know, have accepted every sacrifice to follow without delay the voice of conscience, and to embrace the truth. These noble examples are known to you, dear son, and they deserve more praise than We can give. They have rightly remembered that, when the welfare of the soul is at stake, no consideration of a temporal nature must be yielded to, however painful it may be. God will one day give them the reward of a hundredfold which only He can give. Nevertheless, to do as they have done is an act almost of heroism, the thought of which may make others of less virtue hesitate, and delay the decisive step until it is too late.

"We would wish, therefore, to come to the aid of those who have taken this step, or are ready to take it. For this purpose, what We ourselves have thought of, and now propose to you, would be the formation in England of a considerable fund for the help of converted Anglican

clergymen. Our object is not, and could not be, to obtain for them a position superior, or even equal, to that which they have so nobly given up; for they would still have privations to undergo. But We would wish at least to secure for them the means of providing for their most urgent needs during the first years after their conversion, until they are able to obtain, by their own efforts, the resources required for a suitable maintainence.

"We desire you, dearest son, to communicate with your brethren in the Episcopate, for the organization of this work; and to invite all who have the means of doing so to join with you for the realization of a project which affects the salvation of so many chosen souls.

"We are too well acquainted with your zeal, and that of the Bishops and clergy of England, and also with the generosity of Our Catholic children in England, to doubt for a moment of the reception that will be given to this proposal which Our own heart has dictated to Us.

"For your encouragement, dearest son, and as a token of Our affection, receive the Apostolic Blessing.

"Rome, at St. Peter's, August 23rd, 1896.

"POPE LEO XIII."

This most tender and fatherly solicitude of the Vicar of Christ for his children who had been lost, finds a sympathetic response in the generous heart of the Catholic English Episcopate. We have already concerted measures to carry the Holy Father's desires into effect.

With the deepest feelings of thanksgiving, reverence and affection will the Bishops, the Priests and the Catholic laity of England welcome home those "who are come out of great tribulation." They will share their bread with

the hungry. They will introduce them to many brethren who, having crossed the Red Sea and the desert, are now labouring in the Promised Land. For thousands left behind there are millions to accompany them, rejoicing, along "the narrow way" that leads to the heavenly Jerusalem.

Corporate Reunion.

Finally, let me with all affection urge those who piously desire Reunion with Rome no longer to temporize with grace. Follow the generous alacrity of the Apostles: "He called them, and they forthwith left their nets and their father and followed Him" (St. Matt. iv.) Persons desiring to act may communicate with any Bishop or Priest, or with myself, for instruction and direction.

Tarry not for Corporate Reunion; it is a dream, and a snare of the evil one. We have all to be converted to God individually; to learn of Christ to be meek and humble of heart, individually; to take up our cross and follow Him, individually, each according to his personal grace. The individual may no more wait for Corporate Reunion with the true Church than he may wait for Corporate Conversion from a life of grievous sin. The obligations of faith and of submission to the Church are as peremptory and as binding on the individual as are the obligations of any other virtue such as humility, justice or contrition. And who that waits can promise himself a continuance of time or of grace? "Work while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work" (St. John ix.). But, on the other hand, no one should offer himself, no one should be received into the Church, until convinced that he has found the Divine Teacher. He must be able to say with the Apostle, "We have found the

Messias" (St. John i. 41). Men have been received into the Church, and presently have gone back or have drifted into infidelity, because they had not placed both their feet upon this, the only solid foundation of faith and religion.

Personal.

Some one may now be tempted to ask this question: Why are you so deeply interested in men outside your own Church? Why not leave them alone? Why not confine yourself to the care of your own followers? To this I reply, "For Christ we are ambassadors, God, as it were exhorting by us" (2 Cor. v. 20). We have a command to "preach the Gospel to every creature," and "woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospel" (1 Cor. ix. 16).

Caritas Dei urget nos; love for souls redeemed by the most Precious Blood compels us. For their sake "Christ hath given to us the ministry of reconciliation;" and many and many a priest among us, and many a consecrated virgin in her convent, and many a layman too, can say with perfect truthfulness, "I have great sadness and continual sorrow in my heart. For I wished myself to be an anathema from Christ, for my brethren, who are my kinsmen according to the flesh" (Rom. ix.).

These are the reasons why we never grow weary, never relax our efforts to restore to the English people their priceless inheritance—the inheritance of which they were robbed by the lust and ambition of sovereigns, the subserviency and greed of the aristocracy, and the weakness of the Bishops of that day.

In conclusion I speak a personal word to those who are witnesses and fellow-workers. We are dealing with no worldly interest, but with the Hand of God and the finger

of Divine Grace. But remember it has been said, "No man can come unto me except the Father draw him" (St. John vi. 44). Our Heavenly Father is moved by prayer and by the sight of the Most Precious Blood of His Son. "It hath well pleased the Father. . . . through Him to reconcile all things unto Himself, making peace through the Blood of His Cross" (Col. i. 20). Prayer is better than controversy, better than eloquence.

I rejoice to inform you that a great Association of Prayer for England is being formed in Catholic France. Father Ignatius Spencer's work is about to be revived there upon a great scale.

You can all pray. Use often, use daily, the *Hail Mary* and the Prayer to our Blessed Lady—whose dowry we delight to be called—the Prayer dictated for our use by Pope Leo, at the end of his Letter *ad Anglos*. Mary is omnipotent with her Son. And she still bears in her heart a maternal and queenly love for England. It is a pleasing and grateful thought that the Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel fell this year on the famous *Feria Quinta* referred to in the Bull *Apostolicae Curae*, and that the Bull itself is dated the day on which we were all celebrating the Festival of the Most Holy Name of Mary.

Let us ever place all the interests of England in the hands of that Queen and Mother, "who has alone destroyed all heresies, *Sola cunctas haereses interemisti in universo mundo*."

St. Rose of Lima

*Virgin of the Order of St. Dominic.**

(1586–1617.)

Early Life of St. Rose. Her austerities.

About thirty years after the discovery of the New World, a band of Spanish adventurers undertook the conquest of the rich territory in South America, lying between the Andes and the Pacific. Profiting by civil dissensions, they succeeded in making themselves masters of the country, and, on the Feast of the Epiphany, A.D. 1535, their leader, Francis Pizarro, laid the foundation stone of the "City of the Kings," better known to us as Lima, the capital of Peru. The gentle natives might easily have been won to the faith of Christ, but the cruelty, treachery, and rapacity of their Spanish conquerors was a continual obstacle to the spread of the Gospel. Fifty years later, the country presented a melancholy spectacle. The Indian population had, indeed, been partly converted, but large numbers still clung to idolatry; and, among those who had embraced the faith, many secretly practised pagan superstitions, and all cherished the hope of one day shaking off the hateful yoke of the invaders. The Spanish settlers were for the most part unprincipled adventurers, attracted only by the prospect of amassing wealth, and eluding all orders emanating from the mother-country which in any way tended to

* The facts mentioned in the following pages are taken from the beautiful French Life of the Saint, entitled, *La Perou et Sainte Rose de Lima, par le Vte. M. Th. de Bussierre*, which is itself chiefly drawn from the Bollandists.

better the condition of the natives. Some of the Viceroys were men of noble and upright character, and the clergy were active and exemplary in their lives, and everywhere exerted themselves in defence of the oppressed Indians; but they were too few in number for the great work of evangelising the country. Such briefly was the condition of Peru, when God in His mercy bestowed on the unhappy land a Saint whose prayers and penances, we cannot doubt, did much to avert the scourges of His wrath, and to draw down countless blessings.

On the 20th of April, 1586, there was born in the city of Lima a child, who received in baptism the name of Isabella. She was one of a large family; her father, Gaspar de Flores, was a soldier of noble birth, but destitute of fortune; her mother was called Maria d'Oliva. Three months after the birth of the little Isabella, as her mother and several other women were sitting round her cradle, there suddenly appeared in the air a beautiful rose, which gently touched the face of the babe and then vanished. From that day Maria always called the child Rose, a name which was afterwards bestowed upon her in confirmation, and which has received the solemn sanction of the Church. Even from infancy God showered down His choicest graces on this favoured soul. Whilst still almost a baby, the little Rose might often be seen gazing intently on a picture which hung in one of the rooms of her father's house and represented our Lord clothed in the purple garment and crowned with thorns; and, when only three years old, she had already learnt to bear sufferings with heroic patience for the love of Him. Her thumb having been accidentally crushed by the closing of a heavy door, the child did not utter a sound nor even change countenance, but hastily hid her hand under her pinafore, lest her mother should be distressed by the sight of the injury; and she afterwards submitted to a severe surgical operation with a smile upon her face, and without giving the smallest sign of pain. On another occasion she was suffering from a terrible abscess, aggravated by

mistaken treatment. When asked by her mother how she could have borne such agony without uttering a word of complaint or seeking any relief, the little one said that her pains were very endurable; and then added, pointing to her beloved picture: "Those caused by the Crown of Thorns were far more cruel." At four years old, she had begun to practise severe penances for the sake of Him whom she already called her "Beloved." She would persuade the Peruvian servant, Mariana, to lay heavy blocks of wood upon her shoulders, whilst she knelt, with her little hands joined, meditating on the carrying of the Cross, till she fell beneath her load, and at other times she would oblige the same person to beat her or trample her under foot.

When the child was about four and a half, her lessons began, but, though she was the most docile and attentive of scholars, her mother complained of the wearisomeness of teaching her. When little Rose scarcely knew her letters, she one day brought her book to her mother's knee and, to the amazement of the latter, read quite fluently, and then displayed a beautiful page of writing, saying: "I asked God to teach me to read and write, to spare you the trouble, mother; and He has heard my prayer." Rose only employed her divinely-acquired knowledge to read books which would help her to advance in perfection. She specially delighted in the Life of St. Catherine of Siena, which she studied with the utmost attention, choosing that Saint as her guide and mistress, and resolving to walk faithfully in her footsteps. As our narrative proceeds, we shall recognize many striking features of resemblance between the life of the Virgin-Saint of Lima and that of her seraphic patroness.

On completing her fifth year, St. Rose consecrated her virginity to God by vow, promising henceforth to live only for the accomplishment of His holy Will. An apparently trivial incident, which occurred about this time, seems to have exercised a powerful influence in confirming her in her holy resolutions. Her brothers and sisters were playing with some companions of their

own age, whilst Rose, according to her custom, stood silent and recollected in a corner of the room. The little girls of the party were amusing themselves with their dolls, on which they lavished signs of an affection which to Rose seemed excessive. She remonstrated with them, but only brought upon herself a torrent of ridicule; and her brother Ferdinand threw at her a handful of mud and dust which soiled her hair. The Saint had a horror of dirt, and moved away with an air of distress. Then her brother, half in joke, half in earnest, cried out to her: "Why are you so distressed at your hair being soiled? Do you not know that the fair tresses of young maidens are the cords by which the devil takes possession of those among them who are not on their guard, and drags them into hell? Be assured that your hair, of which you are so proud, is not at all pleasing to God." The words sank into her heart, and were accompanied by a powerful interior light, which showed her the glory and happiness of the elect, the horror and despair of the damned, the hideousness of sin, and the misfortune of those who commit it. She instantly cut off her hair, with the exception of the front locks, concealing what she had done by means of the veil which is commonly worn by females of all ages in Peru. When her mother discovered the fact, she reproved her severely; but, receiving no formal prohibition, Rose continued to keep her hair close cut throughout life.

She was favoured at this early age with a wonderful gift of prayer. She kept herself continually in the presence of God; everything she saw helped to raise her mind and heart to Him; and even in her sleep she might be heard repeating: "May Jesus be with me! Blessed be Jesus." She was a child of extraordinary beauty, and continually heard herself extolled for the clearness of her complexion and the symmetry of her features. These foolish praises deeply wounded her sensitive humility. She began to fear that there was something of flattery in her name of Rose, which she knew had not been given to her in baptism. In her

distress she had recourse to Our Blessed Lady, and prayed earnestly before an image of the Divine Mother and Child in the Rosary Chapel of the Dominican Church at Lima. Our Lady smiled graciously upon her, and she heard these words: "Thy name is very pleasing to the Son whom I bear in my arms; but henceforth thou shalt add mine to it, and shalt be called Rose of St. Mary. Thy soul must be a fragrant flower, consecrated to Jesus of Nazareth."

It is not our purpose in these few pages to detail the heroic austerities practised by St. Rose. Although perhaps the most distinctive characteristic of her life, yet they are set before us rather for our admiration than our imitation, and, before giving even the briefest account of them, it may be well to recall the teaching of the *Spiritual Combat*, that sanctity consists not in austerity of life or external observances, but rather in the knowledge of God's greatness and our own vileness, in the love of God, and the hatred of ourselves, in the accomplishment of the Will of God, and the absolute denial of our own will. In all these essentials of holiness, St. Rose certainly excelled; in her, suffering was the expression of her love of her Divine Spouse. There can be no doubt that she acted in this matter by the special inspiration of the Holy Ghost, having been chosen as a victim to expiate the terrible iniquities of her countrymen. She was always perfectly obedient to her confessors with regard to her penances; and the very fact that these prudent and enlightened religious, some of them Jesuits, others Dominicans, should have permitted her to practise such terrific austerities, is in itself a proof that they felt God asked this sacrifice at her hands, which it would be rash and presumptuous for ordinary souls to seek to imitate.

St. Rose began her attacks on her lower nature by depriving her body as far as possible of everything which is pleasing to the senses. She was very fond of fruit; from the age of four, she absolutely forbade herself the use of it; and, if any were given to her, she distributed it among her brothers and sisters. She never ate meat; her ordinary

fare consisted of hard crusts, tepid and nauseous water, and a soup of bitter herbs, mixed with gall and ashes; on Fridays she took only bread and gall. During Lent she abstained from bread, and on the Fridays of that holy season contented herself with a mouthful of gall and five orange-pips, in memory of the Five Wounds of our Lord. She sometimes deprived herself altogether of food for a week at a time, supported only by the Holy Eucharist; and in the heat of a tropical summer she would for weeks at a time abstain altogether from drinking. Every night and morning she rubbed her lips and tongue with gall; and to mortify her taste she often chewed nauseous and bitter herbs. She specially chose for this purpose the leaves and stalks of the passion-flower, a plant which she dearly loved, as it reminded her of the suffering of her Divine Spouse. To bring her body into subjection, she deprived it as far as possible of sleep, only allowing herself two hours' repose every night, and this she took on a bed composed of rough logs, strewn with bits of broken glass and earthenware. Full of courage as she was, Rose often shuddered before stretching herself on this instrument of torture. One night, when she felt a greater repugnance than usual to lie down upon it, our Lord deigned to appear to her and encouraged her by recalling to her mind the hard bed of the Cross and the nails which pierced His Sacred Hands and Feet; and from that time her hesitation ceased. The struggle against sleep cost her very dear; and she was obliged to have recourse to the most heroic means to keep herself awake. She would strike her head violently, run needles into her flesh, suspend herself from the nails of a great Crucifix of life-size which she had in her room, or even hang herself up by her few remaining locks of hair to a nail in the wall, just resting the tips of her toes on the ground; and thus compel herself to watch and pray. Several times in the day she took a severe discipline to expiate her own sins and those of others; to avert public misfortunes and the troubles of the Church, to draw down the blessing of God on her native country, to

obtain the conversion of idolaters and sinners, the grace of a good death for those in their agony, and for the eternal repose of the souls in Purgatory. On her head, dexterously concealed under her veil and her few locks of hair, she wore in memory of our Lord's Crown of Thorns a triple silver crown, armed with ninety-nine sharp points; every day she changed the position of the crown, so as to multiply her wounds; and on Fridays and Saturdays, in honour of the sufferings of Jesus and the sorrows of Mary, she fastened it more tightly, so that the points penetrated more deeply into the flesh. She often fastened hard cords tightly round her arms; and at night, in all weathers, she would frequently spend some hours walking barefoot in her parents' garden, bearing on her shoulders an enormous wooden cross. She often fell beneath its weight; and she would then compel her faithful Peruvian attendant, who always accompanied her, to trample upon her and load her with blows and ill-treatment. In the midst of all these terrible self-inflicted sufferings, the Saint's face was always serene and cheerful; no sign ever betrayed the agony she was enduring.

Her love of retirement and manner of life.

St. Rose loved silence and solitude; she hated idle conversations and everything which could distract her from her loving intercourse with her Heavenly Spouse. As a child she had taken no part in childish amusements; and, as she grew older, she constructed for herself in the garden, with the help of her brother Ferdinand, a little oratory of branches, under the shade of a leafy maple. Here she spent whole hours, communing with the Beloved of her soul. Her mother, proud of her beauty, and desirous of finding a suitable match for her, insisted on presenting her to visitors, and taking her to parties and worldly gatherings. In vain did the Saint entreat to be excused from all this dissipation; she was compelled to obey. At length these unwelcome visits and entertainments came to be of almost daily occur-

rence. St. Rose felt that her mother was drawing her from the path marked out for her by our Lord; and, unwilling openly to refuse compliance, she had recourse to innocent stratagems, and inflicted on herself the severest sufferings that she might be unable to obey. Thus on one occasion, she purposely got her foot crushed under a large stone; on another, she burnt both her feet against the oven: very often she rubbed her eyes with a kind of pepper producing a most painful inflammation; and so she was left in peace for a time. But at length the pious fraud was discovered, and she was loaded with blows and reproaches. Her mother once obliged her to put on a beautiful wreath of fresh flowers. Rose obeyed, but fastened the wreath with a needle, which she drove so deeply into the flesh, that she was obliged to have recourse to her faithful Mariana for assistance in drawing it out when the time came for removing the adornment. Nothing was so painful to St. Rose as to hear herself praised. A visitor having once expressed great admiration at the whiteness of her hands, the Saint went and plunged them into quicklime, so that for several weeks they caused her agonizing pain. Her mother now began to press her to wear rich dresses and jewellery, and to make use of cosmetics. The Saint felt that this would offend God; so, for the first time in her life, she humbly but firmly replied that she could not obey. An angry scene ensued; but, by the intervention of her confessor, Rose at length succeeded in obtaining permission to attire herself in a plain dress of coarse material, such as was usually worn by devout women who had taken a vow of virginity without embracing conventual life. This she continued to wear, until she reached the age of twenty, when, as we shall see, she took the habit of the Third Order of St. Dominic.

Her troubles, however, were not yet over. Like her holy mistress, St. Catherine of Siena, she had to undergo a cruel persecution from her family on account of her refusal to marry. The Flores were in straitened circumstances, and a most advantageous

offer had been made for her hand. Her relations were furious when the Saint declined it. Her mother loaded her with blows, and for a considerable time she was treated by the whole family with the utmost contempt as the vilest of hypocrites; they even accused her of being in league with the evil one. Rose rejoiced in the humiliations which were heaped upon her; and little by little the storm calmed down.

St. Rose was the most loving and dutiful of daughters, and consecrated ten hours every day to working for the support of her family. She was wonderfully clever with her needle, and could do more work in a day than any other skilled work-women could do in four. After her death, many were found to bear witness to the spotless cleanliness of the work which came from her hands, and to the exquisite taste with which she embroidered flowers of every variety of colour. To increase the slender resources of the household, the Saint also cultivated several beds in the garden, rearing flowers which were carried to market by the faithful Mariana. God blessed her labours; the plants which she tended, regardless of the ordinary laws of nature, blossomed at all seasons of the year; they were more brilliant in hue, and more fragrant in perfume, than those grown in other gardens, and never failed to find ready purchasers among the flower-loving population of Lima. If any of the family were sick, St. Rose nursed them with the tenderest assiduity, yet without ever quitting that inner cell of the heart, which, after the pattern of St. Catherine, she had formed from her earliest years. So great was her love of obedience, that, when she felt exhausted after her prolonged fasts, she would never take anything without first asking her mother's leave. God permitted that the latter should sometimes leave her request unanswered; in this case Rose never repeated it, but interpreted her mother's silence as an indication that God willed her to continue fasting; and thus she sometimes remained several consecutive days without tasting food. She would also apply to her mother for permission to take the silks and other materials she required

for her work. Doña Flores was naturally of an irritable disposition, and one day said to her daughter: "Why are you so tiresome, Rose? All that you want is in an open cupboard; why can't you go and take it?" To this the Saint humbly replied: "My work is of very little value in itself, so I try to enhance its worth by giving it the merit of obedience." To test her docility, her mother one day made her embroider her flowers on the wrong side, and then unpick the work, and her orders were obeyed with perfect sweetness.

Soon after her refusal to marry, St. Rose obtained leave from her mother to build herself a little wooden cell in a remote part of the garden. It was about five feet long by four broad, and her mother alone possessed the key. When her confessor wondered that she should have made it so small, the Saint answered with a smile: "It will be quite large enough for my Beloved and me." Henceforth it became her custom to repair to this little haven of peace at an early hour in the morning, and only to return to the house late at night. As we have seen, ten hours of her day were spent in manual labour for the support of her family; two hours she allotted to sleep; and the remaining twelve were consecrated to prayer.

At the age of twelve, St. Rose had already attained to that highest degree of prayer, which mystic writers call the prayer of union. Waking or sleeping, the eyes of her soul were ever open to God. Whether she were spinning, sewing, speaking, eating, or walking; in the church, in the garden, in her home, in the streets; always and everywhere, she kept herself in the presence of God. Yet, whilst this divine presence occupied all her interior powers, her external senses were perfectly free. Whilst she was inwardly conversing with God, she employed herself without difficulty in the duties of her state, patiently answered all questions addressed to her, and devoted herself to her occupations with as much promptitude and attention as though she had nothing else to do. Three times a week she went to receive Holy Communion in the church. There she might be

seen like an adoring angel, perfectly motionless, her eyes fixed upon the Tabernacle. She prepared herself for Holy Communion by sacramental confession, shedding floods of tears with as much contrition as though she had been the greatest of sinners; and yet her confessors unanimously testified that she never in her whole life committed a single deliberate venial sin; and she was obliged herself to acknowledge that she had scarcely ever known what it was to feel in herself the slightest opposition to virtue. On the eve of her Communion-days she redoubled her austerities and prepared to receive the Divine Guest with as much fervour as though she were to communicate but once in her life, or as though each Communion were to be her last. When the Blessed Sacrament was exposed, she would remain in the church from morning till night, without moving and without taking any food.

Her Heavenly Favours; Temptations; Virtues.

St. Rose's little cell became to her a paradise of delights. When she read, the mere sight of the Holy Name of Jesus would throw her into an ecstasy. Then her Divine Spouse would appear to her in the form of an infant of surpassing beauty, lying on the book and affectionately caressing her. As she sat at her work, the same Divine Infant would come and sit upon her cushion, stretching out His little arms to her, and telling her, that, as she desired to belong entirely to Him, so He wished to be all hers, to take her heart and to give her His in exchange. These favours were of daily occurrence, and were sometimes witnessed by others. If by midday she had not yet received a visit from her Heavenly Guest, she would implore Him with sighs and tears to come to her, and would send her Guardian Angel to invite Him. Once she had remained till after midnight in her cell; and, when she wished to return to the house, she was too exhausted to take a single step. As she wished to communicate in the

morning, she could not bear the thought of breaking her fast, though she felt herself almost dying from want of food. She therefore humbly had recourse to her Divine Spouse, Who appeared to her and said: "Apply thy lips to the wound of My side, My beloved daughter. It was laid open for the salvation of mankind; and in it the faithful always find the salutary balm of which they stand in need." Rose obeyed, and was immediately consoled and strengthened.

The Heavenly Bridegroom was jealous of the love of this pure heart, and would not suffer Rose to take pleasure in any created thing. As has been already mentioned, she was in the habit of cultivating flowers for the support of her family and the decoration of several altars. Once, when she had been taking special pains to rear some beautiful flowers for the approaching solemnity of the Quarant' Ore, her efforts were blessed with even more than her ordinary success. One plant in particular, known in those parts as the Imperial Crown, had blossomed in the richest profusion. Going one morning to water her favourites, the Saint found them lying uprooted and withered on the ground. As she retraced her steps, feeling somewhat sad and disappointed, our Lord presented Himself before her, saying: "Wherefore this affliction, My daughter? Am not I dearer to thee than all flowers? I wish to be Myself thy Imperial Crown; and for this cause have I destroyed those which thou wast tending with so much care. Rose, thou art My flower, henceforth let Me alone be the flower of thy heart."

St. Rose also enjoyed a sweet familiarity with Our Blessed Lady, from whom she received almost daily visits. Whilst still a child, she had constituted herself a sort of little sacristan of the Rosary Chapel in the Dominican Church. She delighted in keeping it exquisitely clean and beautifully decorated. She bore a special devotion to the image of Our Lady and the Holy Child in this chapel. To its feet she brought all her troubles and all her petitions, and she at once knew whether or not to expect a favourable answer. Sometimes the counten-

ances of the Blessed Virgin and of the Divine Infant assumed a serious and even a threatening aspect. "But," said the Saint, "on these occasions I do not let myself be discouraged. I go on praying until I have succeeded in disarming the wrath of the Divine Babe through the intercession of His Mother, and in obtaining from Him a gracious smile." At one time, the Saint suffered from sleeplessness, and received orders from her Confessor to take a sleeping draught, and allow herself longer rest. It was not till towards morning that the draught began to take effect; and then, in spite of the penitential character of her bed, the Saint slept so profoundly, as often to exceed the prescribed number of hours. Her spirit of obedience took alarm, and she besought the Mother of God to come to her assistance. From that day, Our Lady deigned to take on herself the office of calling her faithful servant. At the appointed hour she would present herself, radiant with beauty, saying: "Rise, my daughter; the hour of prayer is come." Then St. Rose would leave her bed; and, prostrate on the ground, would exclaim with St. Elizabeth: "Whence is it to me that the Mother of my Lord should come to visit me?" One morning, however, the Saint was more weary than usual; and, though she answered the heavenly call and at once sat up, she involuntarily closed her eyes and fell asleep again. Our Lady returned, touched her with her immaculate hands (a thing she had never done before), and said in a graver tone than usual: "Sleep not, my daughter; thou didst earnestly beg of me to call thee at the hour of prayer. Lo! I come a second time. The hour is past." Rose re-opened her eyes and saw the Mother of God departing; but she had not the happiness of beholding, as usual, her beautiful countenance; whence she concluded, with deep contrition, that Our Lady wished to punish her for her idleness.

Like all faithful servants of God, St. Rose was not free from the assaults of the devil. He continually laid snares for her, in the hope, if he could not lead her into sin, of at least disturbing her at her prayers and wearing

out her patience. But it was all in vain. Though he was permitted to strike and ill-treat her, Rose only laughed at his attacks, and drove him from her by calling her Divine Spouse to her aid. Then the evil one began to ill-use her books of devotion, specially her copy of Granada's Meditations, of which she was very fond. He tore the precious volume and threw it upon a heap of filth; but it was presently returned to the Saint, perfectly uninjured. St. Rose would even defy Satan to the combat, bidding him torment her body as much as God permitted. "As for my soul," she added, "thou canst not harm it; it is under the protection of my Divine Spouse." On one occasion, having been tempted to impurity, she pitilessly scourged herself with an iron chain, exclaiming in tears: "O Lord, why hast Thou abandoned me? If Thou hadst been near, never should I have been exposed to so abominable an assault." As she pronounced these words, our Lord appeared before her, casting upon her a look of love and saying to her: "Wouldst Thou have conquered, Rose, if I had not been in thy heart?"

The heavenly favours, of which St. Rose was the object, had the effect of rooting her more and more deeply in humility. The more God exalted her, so much the more did she abase herself, sincerely confessing that she was the last of creatures, the off-scouring of creation. When others contradicted her in this point, she would weep and turn pale and say to them: "I know better than you; no one knows me as I know myself." Nothing pleased her so much as to be despised and ridiculed; whilst praise, on the other hand, caused her the most acute suffering. Whenever she heard herself extolled, she took her revenge by redoubling her mortifications. On one occasion, for example, when she accidentally overheard one of the Canons of the Cathedral speaking of her holy and mortified life, she struck repeated blows on her terrible crown, driving its points more deeply into her head. She did all in her power to conceal her penances and the divine graces with which she was favoured, only a very small portion

of which has come to our knowledge. Her continual austerities having at one time reduced her to a state of utter prostration, she became very thin and pale; and as she observed that her emaciated countenance attracted attention and respect, she earnestly begged of God to restore her former healthy appearance, without in any way alleviating her sufferings, and her prayer was granted. St Rose's severity to herself was only equalled by her extreme indulgence towards others. She was always ready to make herself the servant of even the lowest; never did a harsh word escape her lips: never was she seen to give way to the slightest impatience or ill-humour. She knew how to make herself all things to all; she was quick to discern the virtues and merits of others, and held her neighbours in the highest esteem, as creatures redeemed by the Blood of Christ. She was full of the tenderest gratitude towards God, who had loved her so much, and who had watched over her with such fatherly care. She was continually expressing her love by fervid ejaculations, and earnestly imploring that God would give her grace to love Him more and more. "Those who do not love God," she would say, "do not know how good He is." Though she hated idle conversations, she was never weary of speaking on this her favourite topic; and the listeners felt their hearts glow within them as her burning words fell upon their ears. One of St. Rose's prayers for obtaining an increase of Divine love has been preserved, and runs as follows: "Adorable Lord Jesus Christ, true God and true Man, our Creator and our Redeemer, I grieve from the bottom of my heart for having so often offended Thee, because Thou art He who is, and because I love Thee above all things. O true God, the betrothed of my soul, most amiable Jesus, my adorable consoler, I desire to love Thee with that perfect, complete, sincere, incomparable, invincible, and eternal love wherewith the Blessed in Heaven love Thee! Yes, O God of my heart, joy of my soul, I desire to love Thee as much as Thou art loved by Thy Mother, blessed among all women, my Mother and Lady, the most pure Virgin Mary. I would fain

love Thee as Thou lovest Thyself, my Lord and my God, my salvation and my happiness. O my most adorable Jesus, grant that I may be consumed and melted in the furnace of Thy most ardent charity!"

St. Rose daily consecrated three hours to the duty of thanking God for His benefits; one in the morning, one at noon, and one in the evening. She took great delight in contemplating the divine perfections. At her request, one of her confessors made out a list of 150 divine attributes. These she divided into fifteen decades, which she used to recite slowly, adding to each decade a Gloria Patri, and she was accustomed to say that the infernal spirits greatly dreaded this prayer.

Our Saint never lost an opportunity of labouring for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. She urged the use of spiritual reading and meditation on all whom she knew; and she affirmed that the latter was the most powerful antidote against the poison of sin; that those who practised it, ensured their salvation, whilst those who neglected it were hurrying on to their destruction. She also powerfully recommended the recitation of the Holy Rosary, accompanied by meditation on the Mysteries. "The Rosary," she used to say, "combines vocal and mental prayer, supplication, praise, and thanksgiving; it is a devotion very pleasing to God." Everything which offended God was a subject of deep affliction to the Saint and excited her zeal; and, in spite of her habitual reserve, she would reprove any whom she saw talking in church; but she did this with such affability, that her words seemed rather a request than a rebuke. From her childhood it was well known, that, however patiently she might submit to personal contempt and ill-treatment, she would not tolerate any offence against God, committed in her presence, without at once reporting the matter to her parents. Lying she held in the greatest aversion; and she could not bear any inaccuracy in speech. "Excuse me," she would say, if she heard anything related inexactly: "what you say seems to me to be incorrect.

I think things happened thus," &c. St. Rose had been favoured with the gift of tears. She wept abundantly over her own imperfections and the sufferings of her Divine Spouse; but she called tears "pearls destined for the eternal treasury," and could not bear to see them wasted on worldly and trivial matters.

Our Saint's confidence in God knew no bounds. Though she regarded herself as the lowest of creatures, she was certain that her heavenly Spouse would never fail to protect her. She took special delight in constantly repeating the verse: "Incline to my aid, O God; O Lord, make haste to help me." This aspiration was all the more dear to her, as it had been a favourite also with St. Catherine of Siena. As a child, Rose had inherited from her mother a great fear of ghosts and of being alone in the dark. To overcome it, she used to retire into dark and solitary places to give herself to prayer. One very dark evening, she had remained in the garden praying till an advanced hour. Her mother came to seek her, accompanied by her father, for she was afraid to come alone. Rose heard them approaching, and said to herself: "My mother crosses the garden without fear, because my father is with her; and shall I be afraid of the darkness, having my heavenly Bridegroom always at hand? I cannot see Him at my side; but He is in my heart. My mother puts her trust in a mortal man and fears no danger when he is with her; and shall I tremble when my Saviour is with me?" This simple reflection cured her for ever of all her fears; from that moment she was afraid of nothing. She gave innumerable proofs of this courage inspired by confidence in God. When she was about twelve years old, she was one day out with her mother and brothers, when a mad bull, which had broken its bonds, rushed towards them. Doña Flores wished to take flight with her children, but Rose urged the whole party to stand still, and the infuriated animal rushed past without appearing to see them. Whilst the others were still trembling, Rose betrayed no signs of emotion and calmly remarked: "Let us quietly rely on the

assistance of God when danger threatens us and human help is wanting." At one time the Saint suffered from cruel doubts about her salvation; but our Lord appeared to her and dispelled her fears on this subject by these words: "Be of good heart, My daughter. I only condemn those who choose to be condemned."

Her Interior Sufferings. She enters the Third Order of St. Dominic. Her Mystic Espousals.

From the age of fifteen until her death, it pleased God to purify the soul of His servant by causing her to endure the most terrible spiritual desolation for an hour or more every day. It seemed to her that God had abandoned her; and she cried out with her Divine Spouse: "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" In this state of mysterious suffering, her memory was completely obscured; it seemed to her each time that this moral torture was to last for ever; and she compared her anguish to the sufferings of purgatory and hell. Her understanding was without light; her will still tried to love, but was hard and cold as ice; her memory sought in vain for any consoling recollection. But in her sorrow she wholly submitted herself to the Divine Will. When pressed by her confessors to say what happened to her at the end of her daily agony, she told them that God suddenly flooded her soul with spiritual consolations, assuring her that He would never abandon her; and that visions of the Sacred Humanity of our Lord and of His Blessed Mother were then vouchsafed to her.

From childhood Rose had earnestly desired to wear that Dominican habit with which her beloved Mistress, St. Catherine of Siena, had been clothed. She ardently wished to see a Convent of Dominican nuns founded in Lima; but the Spanish Government would not give the necessary authorization, on the plea that there were enough convents in the city already. Spite of this

obstacle, which seemed insuperable, St. Rose predicted that her wishes would be realized. She even recognised at first sight the person who was to be the future Prioress, drew an exact plan of the buildings, and foretold that her own mother would take the habit in the new community; and after her death, all came to pass as she had said.

One day Rose fell into an ecstasy, and it was revealed to her that she was, according to her desire, to take the habit of the Third Order of St. Dominic. On the Feast of St. Laurence, therefore, A.D. 1606, being then in her 21st year, in her beloved Chapel of the Rosary, she received from the hands of her confessor the white habit and black mantle of the Order, continuing to reside as before in the house of her parents. Being now a member of the Order of Penance of St. Dominic, St. Rose redoubled her austerities, using a double iron chain in place of the discipline of knotted cords she had hitherto employed, and wearing next her skin a garment of horse-hair, garnished with sharp points and prickly thistles, so that she could not move a step without pain. Her health was always delicate, and during her whole life she was subject to a complication of diseases, which baffled human science, and left no part of her body without its torment; but in the midst of her pains she would exclaim: "O Lord, increase my sufferings, but increase also the flame of Thy love in my heart."

About the time of her admission into the Dominican Order, she was granted a most beautiful and instructive vision, which fortified her desire of suffering. Being in prayer, she was all of a sudden ravished in spirit, and beheld a brilliant light, in the midst of which was a resplendent arch of various colours; above the arch was a second of equal beauty, which bore in its centre the blood-stained Cross of our Lord; rays of light marked the place of the nails; the title, "Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews," was also discernible. Our Lord, resplendent with majesty and glory, appeared in the space between the two arches, and from His Sacred Humanity there darted forth flames which seemed to

penetrate into the inmost depths of the Saint's soul. Beside Him lay a pair of scales and some weights. The Angels took them and weighed out sufferings and tribulations, of which Jesus distributed a share to each of the elect, giving the Saint a large measure. Then she saw an enormous heap of heavenly favours, which our Lord Himself placed in the scales, weighed them with the tribulations, and then divided them amongst the elect, Rose receiving a share equal to the measure of her sufferings. After this, she heard our Lord say: "Affliction is always the companion of grace. Grace can only be obtained by suffering; Divine consolations are distributed in the same proportion as sufferings; let every one understand this. Let none deceive themselves. The way of the Cross is the only path which leads to Heaven. Earthly sorrows are the roots of heavenly joys." Then the Saint felt an earnest desire to proclaim to the whole world the blessings attached to suffering. "Know," said she, "that sufferings are never disproportioned to the strength of those to whom our Lord sends them; for He does not strike at random; His wisdom weighs out the crosses which He imposes."

The mystic espousals with our Lord, accorded to St. Catherine of Siena, were vouchsafed also to this her faithful client. St. Rose was prepared for this wonderful favour by a heavenly voice, which said to her: "Give Me thy heart," and by a mysterious dream in which our Lord appeared to her under the garb of a sculptor about to start on a journey, and asked her to become His Spouse. On receiving her consent, He showed her some blocks of marble which she was to polish and chisel during His absence. Shortly afterwards He again appeared to her, as though returned from His journey; the Saint excused herself for not having yet completed her task, saying it was a labour to which she was wholly unaccustomed, having hitherto only occupied herself with needlework and other female employments. "Think not," said our Lord, "that thou art the only one of thy sex on whom I have laid a similar task; look here." So saying He opened a door, and Rose beheld

a large workshop, full of blocks of marble. A multitude of young maidens, armed with chisels, mallets, and other tools, were carving and polishing the blocks, and watering them with their tears. Rose remarked, that, in spite of the dusty nature of their work, they were clothed in rich garments of spotless cleanliness, as though bidden to a marriage feast. Then it was revealed to her that this chiselling of stones was figurative of the pains, tears, and efforts needed for the acquisition of virtue. Whilst she was watching the maidens at their work, she suddenly beheld herself clothed in a magnificent garment of gold brocade, adorned with the richest jewels. She then awoke, full of supernatural joy and consolation. A few days afterwards, on Palm Sunday, the Saint was assisting with the other Sisters of the Third Order at the office of the day in the Church of St. Dominic, and the Sacristan forgot to give her a palm. In her humility, Rose attributed this omission to her sins, yet she failed not to follow the procession devoutly with the rest; and at the end of the ceremony, she resumed her place in the Rosary Chapel; and looking up affectionately at the statue of Our Lady, accused herself of having perhaps too eagerly desired the blessed palm. The Mother of God smiled upon her even more lovingly than usual; and Rose forgot her trouble and exclaimed: "Henceforth, most amiable Lady, I will never receive any palm from mortal hands, for thou, O palm-tree of Cades, wilt give me one which will never fade." Then Mary turned her eyes on the Divine Infant, as though asking a favour; and the Holy Child distinctly pronounced these words: "Rose of My Heart, be thou My Spouse." The Saint prostrated on the ground, and in the transport of her gratitude exclaimed: "I am Thy servant, O Lord. O King of glory, I am the last of Thy slaves. I am Thine, and desire to belong to Thee alone. I will be eternally faithful to Thee, and I desire to lay down my life for Thee." Then Our Lady said to her: "O my Rose, thou seest and understandest the favour which my Son has granted thee." The Saint resolved to have a ring made, which she

might always wear as a memorial of the immense favour which had been conferred upon her. She entrusted her brother Ferdinand with the commission, begging him to have a motto engraved on the ring. The young man, who knew nothing of what had passed, reflected for a moment, and then wrote down the very words which our Lord had used: "Rose of My Heart, be thou My Spouse." The Saint joyfully acquiesced, recognizing in this wonderful coincidence a fresh proof of the love of her Divine Spouse. The ring was brought to her on Maundy Thursday morning, and she begged the Sacristan of the Dominican Church to place it where the Blessed Sacrament was to repose. Her request was complied with; and on Easter Sunday the Saint suddenly beheld the ring on her finger, without knowing how it came there.

Closing Years of St. Rose's Life. Her last Illness and Death.

At the time of her espousals, our Lord told St. Rose that He would now take upon Himself the charge of her family: and thenceforth she consecrated to the service of the poor, the sick, and the afflicted, the time which she had hitherto devoted to working for the household. St. Rose beheld her Divine Spouse in the person of His suffering members, and laboured for them with heroic and self-sacrificing charity; and God often bestowed upon her miraculous powers for their relief. In her zeal for souls she was a true daughter of St. Dominic. She would gaze on the lofty mountains of her native land, and weep to think of the eternal loss of the poor pagans who dwelt in their recesses. Often was she heard to exclaim, that, to save souls, she would gladly suffer herself to be cut in pieces; and that she would fain be placed at the gate of hell to prevent sinners from entering there. She bore a holy envy to missionaries whose sex and vocation enabled them to carry the light of faith to the Indians and die a martyr's death. Once indeed she hoped that the crown of martyrdom was within her own grasp. On August 24th, A.D. 1615, the

Dutch fleet appeared off the coast of Peru. Now the Dutch were at that time impious and sacrilegious heretics, the implacable enemies of the faith. The inhabitants of Lima were panic-struck; but Rose, surrounded by a few devoted souls, hastened to the Dominican Church, and took her stand on the altar steps, well knowing she could do nothing to protect the Blessed Sacrament, yet resolved to shed her blood in its defence. "I shall entreat the heretics to slake their rage on me," she exclaimed; "and I hope, that, instead of killing me at one blow, they will slowly cut me to pieces, and that the Holy of Holies will be spared." When, however, the danger seemed most imminent, the Dutch Admiral was struck with apoplexy, the fleet sailed away, and no further attempt was made. Rose alone did not altogether share in the general rejoicing; she was disappointed at not having been permitted to shed her blood for our Lord.

The last three years of our Saint's life, with the consent of her parents, though from what cause does not appear, were spent under the roof of Don Gonzalo de la Massa, who held an important post under the Viceroy, and whose wife had always been devotedly attached to Rose. She had for some time previously been allowed the privilege of daily Communion, and had reduced her bodily sustenance to one or at most two mouthfuls of bread by day; often she passed whole weeks without taking any nourishment whatever. When she came to live with the de la Massa family, it became her practice to go daily to the Dominican Church, at daybreak, and assist at all the Masses celebrated there till noon, when she would return to the house and retire to a little garret, where she led as solitary a life as formerly in her cell in the garden. During the last Lent of the Saint's life, a little bird used to come daily to celebrate the praises of God in her company.

It was in the house of these kind friends that she was attacked by her last illness, which lasted three weeks, and was one of agonizing suffering, borne with the most angelic patience. She received the Last Sacraments

with the utmost devotion, reciting the Creed over and over again, and expressing her joy in living and dying a child of Holy Church. She begged that her white scapular might be placed before her, that she might have continually before her eyes the standard to which she had sworn fealty. Seeing her mother weeping beside her, she said: "Lord, I resign her into Thy hands, do Thou strengthen and support her." Her father was ill at the time, but she caused him to be carried to her bedside, that she might receive his last blessing. Then she asked for the blessed candle, raised her eyes to heaven, and pronounced the words: "Jesus, Jesus, be with me." Thus did her pure soul go forth to meet the Bridegroom, on the 24th of August, A.D. 1617, at the age of thirty-one. Her dying prayer had been heard; her mother found herself so overflowing with supernatural joy, that she was obliged to retire to conceal her transports.

The virginal body of St. Rose was buried with great honour in the Dominican Church. At the funeral, the image of Our Lady of the Rosary was seen to shoot forth beams of dazzling light, whilst the eyes of the Queen of Heaven seemed to rest lovingly on the mortal remains of her devoted client. An extraordinary religious movement took place at the death of St. Rose; the confessionals were besieged, hardened sinners were converted, scandals ceased, and works of charity and mortification were begun. This wonderful change was not confined to the city of Lima, but spread with marvellous rapidity throughout the whole of New Spain. By the rigour of her penances and the practice of heroic virtue, Rose had satisfied the Divine Justice, effaced the scandals of the past, and drawn down the blessing of God on her native land. She was beatified by Clement IX., A.D. 1668, and canonized by Clement X., A.D. 1671, the 30th of August being appointed for her festival. She was declared Patroness of America and of the Philippine Islands. The narrow limits of these pages preclude the insertion of any of the miracles and heavenly favours granted through the intercession of this "First Victim of Divine Love in the New World."

THE TWO HOSTS.

It was midnight, a miserably wet winter's night. Snow had fallen heavily the day before, then partially melted, leaving those heaps of brown slush so detestable to pedestrians in London. And now it was coming on again—a mixture of sleet and rain and snow, which a piercing easterly wind drove in the faces of the unhappy wanderers from their firesides.

Yet one was braving it as best he might, keeping steadily on his way, taking no notice either of the drunken revellers whom, from time to time, he met at the corner of a gin-palace, or of the muttered "God bless him!" of some belated Irishman, who, respectfully touching his hat, would make way for him on the pavement and look after him as he passed with a kind of regretful eagerness, as if his presence had recalled memories of the cabin on the hill-side, and of past and maybe more innocent years. For that poor ragged Celt, with his slouch hat and frieze clothes, knew who he was, and still more Whom he was bearing. Dressed in those shabby, ill-fitting, black clothes, which an absurb legislation has decreed shall pretend to disguise the fact that the Religious Orders have once more returned to bless our land, the holy Capuchin Father was hurrying on, regardless of wet and cold, reverently

bearing the Lord of lords to cheer and sustain, maybe to save at the eleventh hour, a soul about to appear in presence of its Maker.

It is not for one of his own flock, but for a dying man belonging to a neighbouring parish, the priest of which was unavoidably absent on an urgent sick call. And it is miles away from his monastery—at Rotherhithe, by the riverside; the few street-lamps have well-nigh disappeared, and the little lantern which he bears is almost extinguished by the driving pitiless storm. But still he hurries on, past miles of dingy back streets, where the houses look as if they had all been built by the yard on one grimy, uniform pattern. Even the vile public-houses which line the way are mostly emptied of their usual occupants. But at last he finds himself at the door of a miserable house in a wretched quarter, where each family is huddled into a single room, without any pretence at decency or modesty in their arrangements. And who can blame them? or how can such tenements be improved? The thing is simply impossible as long as human beings are thus crowded and packed into one small space, with no division for sex or age, with no provision for either cleanliness or drainage, and with no visit from the sanitary inspector, until some fearful outbreak of cholera or fever decimates the inmates and compels public attention for a time to the consideration of the evil. But I am digressing.

Two or three dirty, slatternly, but kind-hearted Irishwomen were hanging round the place, and eagerly offered to show the dying man's room to the welcome visitor. "Pat, here's the priest, God bless him!"

exclaimed one, as she pushed open the door after scrambling up a filthy staircase, and revealed a scene too common in London to excite any surprise, yet not the less revolting in spite of its frequency.

In a corner of the room, on a bundle of rags and straw which served as a pretence for a bed, lay the dying man. Children and persons of various ages were crouched on the floor in different attitudes—some asleep, some awake. One woman, kneeling by the bed, was crying bitterly; on a broken chair was a medicine-bottle and a cracked cup. On the hearth smouldered a wretched fire, with the usual black pot swung across the embers. Other furniture there was none; and the atmosphere of the room, where the window had evidently not been opened for weeks, may be imagined.

But to all this our good Capuchin seemed indifferent. Rapidly kneeling down by the soul who needed his care, he found the poor fellow at first unconscious. He asked for a little water, and after some difficulty a cupful was brought to him which looked like dirty milk, and was probably melted snow. Adding a few drops of brandy to it from a flask he had brought with him, and putting it to the sick man's lips, the flickering life revived. After a few minutes, clearing the room of its inmates, the priest performed his sacred office. It was a less painful one than usual, for the poor Irishman was a good man, who, in spite of adverse circumstances, had always kept the Faith, as, thank God! is so often the case with these poor "hewers of wood and drawers of water" in our big towns.

His confession over and the absolution given, the

priest prepared to open the pyx to give him the Viaticum, when, to his great surprise, he found there were two Hosts in it instead of one. In the haste of his departure from the monastery he must have inadvertently put in two; at any rate, there they certainly were. But he had scarcely time to reflect upon it: the sick man absorbed all his care. After another hour the agony began, the prayers for the departing soul were said, the last absolutions given, and soon a solemn stillness fell upon all. The end was come, the last sigh had been breathed, and the good priest prepared to return home, carefully bearing the sacred treasure—the second Host—on his breast.

As he was passing along an unfrequented back street which he had been told would shorten his journey, he suddenly heard a piercing cry, followed by a sobbing wail which was even more painful to listen to. It came from a tidy-looking house on the other side of the road. As he stopped to inquire, a man came out into the street, and recognizing the Father, touched his hat to him.

"What is the matter?" exclaimed the priest. "Who is crying so piteously up there?"

"It's a young lady, Father," replied the man; "and I think it's just you she's wanting," he added, opening the door as he spoke, "for she was took very bad this night, and my missus doubts if she will live till morning."

The good Father hastened upstairs, where he found a young and very pretty girl, evidently in the last stage of consumption. Her joy at seeing him was great, though at first she could scarcely speak save in sobs.

while she murmured a few broken words at intervals: "Our Lord has heard my prayer! Our Lady has sent you, thank God!—thank God!" Then her tears burst forth afresh, till the priest feared she would entirely exhaust herself before she could make her confession. In every way he tried to soothe and console her, and at last so far succeeded that she was able to tell him her sad story.

She was, as he saw at once, gently born and bred. She had been brought up by Catholic parents in a Catholic home, and afterwards sent to a convent to complete her education, which she had only left six months before. Her only fault was vanity, and a love of dress and pretty clothes; but that one fault was the poor child's ruin.

One day she went out shopping alone, only intending to be absent for a few minutes. A gentlemanlike-looking man met her in the shop, and seeing her sorely tempted by a beautiful dress which she could not afford to buy, bought it at once himself and gave it to her. In her joy and pleasure, and totally ignorant and unsuspicious of evil or danger, she consented to let him accompany her home. Then he persuaded her to walk a little further with him, and then—but why dwell on the sad details? Enough to say that he was a villain and ruined her; and she dared not then go home. He offered her at once the shelter of his house, which she had no choice but to accept; but she never knew a moment's peace or freedom from remorse which sometimes amounted to positive despair. Soon he got tired of her and her fretting, and left her; and then began a

time of misery, of which she had never dreamed. She tried to go out and get some work, but could not succeed; then she caught a violent chill, and the cold settled on her chest, for she was always delicate. Yet all the time, shame prevented her going home or seeking a priest.

That day she had broken a blood-vessel, and the doctor had been sent for by the woman of the house, who, on the whole, had not been unkind to the poor child. When he came he said she was dying, and that her friends must be sent for. But she would not let them send for any of them. How could she face her father's anger—her mother's bitter grief? Better they should fancy her dead than dishonoured. And then the terrible remorse which had always been gnawing at her heart, filled her with unspeakable agony and fear. She cried out for a priest, but none was at hand; and the woman of the house said, "She must wait till the morning; it wasn't a night to turn out a dog!"

The poor child felt herself dying, and that the morning might be too late; and she was wailing and crying and praying for Our Lord to have mercy on her, and to send her one of His ministers to absolve her from her sin. He heard her prayer, and sent His faithful servant to bind up her broken and penitent heart, and to bid her once more hope, as Magdalene had hoped, that her sin would be forgiven by His precious Blood. The poor child made her confession with a contrition and heartfelt sorrow which went to the very heart of the good priest, whose task was not to alarm her conscience, but to renew her confidence in the mercy of God. He then

understood Our Lord's meaning in the second Host, which had seemed so strange and unaccountable to him before; and marvelled at the ways of God's wonderful mercy and loving-kindness.

Before the morning dawned that poor child had breathed her last, penitent and forgiven, and strengthened by Our Lord Himself for the dread journey. The holy Capuchin Father went home after his anxious and sleepless night, thanking God with all his heart that He had made him the instrument of saving this second soul, and given a fresh proof that none who call upon Him with truly contrite and penitent hearts will fail to be heard and answered, even should He work a miracle for the accomplishment of His merciful designs on their behalf.

FERNANDO.

It was a beautiful evening on the lagunes. The sun had sunk behind one of the small islands dotting the Adriatic, in a sea of purple and yellow and gold. The fishermen were spreading and drying their nets on the shore, while their wives were sitting outside their doors, chatting and laughing and showing off the charms of their respective babies, and the older children built imaginary villages of sand and peopled them with shells. Suddenly a deep bell was heard, and instantly the voices were hushed, and all knelt and repeated the "Angelus" with the simple faith of the Italian race, whose evening would be incomplete without that touching tribute to Our Lady.

Among the women was one who had sat apart sadly from the rest, and down whose furrowed cheeks a few tears were coursing, when she rose from her knees and found herself suddenly facing a venerable priest, who had just come from the neighbouring village.

"What ails you, my good Caterina?" he asked, seeing the marks of distress on her face. "Is it the old sorrow always, or something fresh?"

"The old grief is ever fresh, my Father; and widows cannot forget. It is a weary long waiting for the meeting up there," she added, pointing to the sky. "But it was not that which made me cry just now. It was Fernando.

Ah ! people tried to console me when my husband died by telling me I had the children to comfort me. The children ! It is they who make my cross intolerable to me. Lotta is all very well—she is a good child on the whole; but Fernando is always headstrong and wilful; I cannot manage him. He will not listen to me, but goes off for days together; I don't know where, and I fear with bad companions. Now he is gone again, and I am fairly broken-hearted about him."

The good old priest did his best to comfort her; but he knew well how great were the difficulties of the case. The boy was bright, handsome, and clever; he had learned quickly at school, and, as long as his father lived, had been checked and controlled, and made to obey. But with the father's death this wholesome authority mingled with fear had ceased. He loved his mother, but she was too soft and gentle to influence so headstrong and rebellious a character. He began to deceive her in a thousand little ways in order to compass his own ends; he neglected his religious duties, and though compelled to go to Mass with her on Sundays, and outwardly to behave as usual, the priest, who knew his heart, found him entirely changed.

In vain he reasoned with him, representing to him the solemn charge his father had left him on his death-bed to obey his mother and care for her and his little sister. The boy was stubborn and sullen, and at last determined to run away from home and "earn a living independently," as he said. But, like the prodigal son, after a week or two's absence he had repented of his folly. He had suffered a great deal in his vagabond life,

and at last determined to come back to his mother and own his fault. Her joy was so great at his return that perhaps she did not make him feel sufficiently the full extent of his sin. She thought that by showering love and tender offices on him his heart would be touched and that he would spare her a repetition of such conduct.

But there was no earnest purpose of amendment or true repentance in the boy's heart. Very soon he got tired of the monotony and slight control of his home-life, and the result was that, at the time our story opens, he had again deserted her, and was leading a wild, u satisfactory life, sometimes coming home, but always refusing to give any account of how he had spent the intervening time. No wonder that the poor mother's heart was riven, and that the place where she knelt in the church was generally wet with tears.

At last affairs came to a crisis. Fernando had returned one evening more out of temper than usual, and had flatly refused to obey some trifling order his mother had given him. His words and manner roused even so gentle a nature as hers, and, speaking to him for the first time with real sternness, she warned him that if he continued in his wilful and disobedient career, indifferent to the bitter pain he caused her, God would signally punish him, and that he would surely die on the scaffold. Her words startled him at the time, and he promised to behave better. But the impression was a transitory one, and a few days later he again left her—this time for ever. God never permitted him to see his poor mother again on earth.

We will pass lightly over the intervening years of

Fernando's life till he became a man. He was first engaged as a cabin boy on board a merchant brig sailing from Trieste. Then, finding him clever and intelligent, the ship's carpenter took a fancy to him and taught him his trade, which he quickly learned, and soon was able to command higher wages. All this time, though increasing in knowledge and strength, he was far from growing in grace or in the love of God. Now and then he would turn into a church and say an occasional prayer. But his companions were bad and jeered at anything like religion; so that he soon became ashamed of even so scanty a practice of his faith.

After a year or two, he was taken on board a Neapolitan vessel bound for South America. But the crew were Carbonari, socialists, and infidels, enlisted in a secret society to overthrow both the altar and the throne. Finding Fernando a likely subject, they quickly won him over by bribes and promises, and finally enrolled him as a member of their detestable sect, and initiated him into every species of iniquity. Unhappily, they found in him a ready pupil, and his gigantic strength made him a formidable instrument when any deed or unusual daring and villainy was required. But low as he had fallen, and rapid as had been his descent from good to evil, yet God did not altogether forsake him or overlook his mother's prayers and tears on his behalf. He sent him a dangerous illness, and his heartless companions, finding him in consequence only a burden upon them, sailed away, leaving him to seek a hospital in a strange port of South America. The sufferings he there endured, the desertion of his wicked

companions, and the kind and tender care he received from his nurse, awoke in his breast feelings of remorse and compunction for his past life, and a wish to turn over a new leaf if God should once more spare him. The fear of eternal punishment and the recollection of the teachings of his childhood strengthened these good dispositions in his heart, and an apparently trifling circumstance helped to confirm them.

Among the nurses was a young girl, the daughter of the matron, to whom he became deeply and passionately attached. She was good and pious and a devout Catholic; so that before encouraging his addresses in any way she wished to ascertain if he were of her faith. He assured her he was a Catholic and born of Catholic parents; but when she questioned him as to his mother and his home, and especially as to his religious practices, she found he had nothing to say, and that he could give her no proof of his sincerity. Fernando became almost desperate, and poured out to her the story of his love and his repentance in a way which could not fail to touch the girl's heart. Finally, on his recovery, she gave him a conditional promise that she would marry him at the end of a certain time of probation, when she would see if he had been faithful to his new and good resolutions; and tying a small bag round his neck, she made him swear never to take it off, for her sake.

This was the only gleam of sunshine in Fernando's sad and chequered career. It was a pure and honest love, which, with the grace of God, might have brought about his salvation. But, unhappily, he did not seek

for that grace ; his repentance and his good resolutions melted away as his health became restored ; he trusted in his own strength : and so "the last state of that man was worse than the first."

No sooner was his health re-established than Fernando was anxious to be afloat again, partly to hasten the time of his probation, partly to earn more money wherewith to enable him to marry the pure, good child whose heart he had won. His skill in carpentering was well known, so that in a short time he obtained an excellent situation in an Italian ship bearing the English flag, in which he hoped to make only a short cruise and then return to claim his bride. They parted with much love on both sides, but with a growing anxiety on hers which their late intercourse had only strengthened. She could not satisfy herself that his heart was really changed, and dreaded his being again led away by evil companions. The result justified her fears but too well.

The captain of Fernando's ship was a man of bad character, but he took a great fancy to his new carpenter, and even admitted him on terms of equality to his table. He had on board a handsome Italian woman who passed for his wife, but who was not so in reality. This woman had no sooner seen Fernando than she conceived for him a strong and guilty passion, which she at first endeavoured to conceal, and only showed by increased kindness and attention to Fernando, on the plea of his having lately recovered from a serious illness. Fernando was pleased and flattered by her manner, and so began an intimacy which was destined to have the most fatal consequences. In spite of his genuine love

for his affianced bride, the passionate nature of this bad woman worked upon all that was worst and lowest in himself, degrading him in his own eyes, yet blinding him to the inevitable consequences. She became his evil genius, a siren dragging him slowly but surely down to perdition. We need not enter into the sad story of passion and ambition on the one hand, leading to jealousy and fury on the other, and ending in the commission of a fearful crime. Suffice it to say that, under the impulse of a sudden and terrible temptation, Fernando mortally stabbed the captain in his own cabin, and the woman shared the same fate. The mate, hearing the murderous cries, rushed in to the assistance of his master and was killed also. The captain and the mate died immediately; but the woman lived long enough for her Neapolitan faith to revive, and calling Fernando to her, she exclaimed: "See what you have done!"

"Yes," he replied sullenly, "I see; but you know well it is all through you!"

Then the wretched woman appealed to him to do her at least one last favour, and that was to light six candles before a picture of Our Lady which hung in the cabin, and to promise her that when he came ashore he would have six Masses offered for the repose of her soul. This he promised mechanically, for, his furious passion over, he was, as it were, stunned at his own acts. His miserable victim expired a few minutes later on the couch where he had placed her. It was then for the first time that Fernando realized what he had done, and, without stopping to consider, he instinctively opened the little bag which hung round his neck, and saw that it con-

tained a scapular with an image of Our Lady. At the sight he was softened, and bursting into tears, he exclaimed: "My God! my God! what have I done!" But the voice of Grace was soon hushed in the tumult of fear and remorse which had taken possession of him. He realized also the excessive danger of his position, and his one idea was how to save himself.

At last he made up his mind to take possession of the ship, and, effacing as far as possible the evidence of the struggle, and locking the cabin door, he quietly went on deck, and, taking the helm, determined to alter the ship's course. But the sailors, who had liked their captain, and suspected there had been foul play, would not obey him; and at last they rose against him in a body and tried to seize him. Being a man of herculean strength, ten of his opponents lay at his feet in his struggle for liberty. At last he was overpowered by numbers and safely secured; after which the sailors ran the ship into the port of Montevideo, and delivered him over to the English authorities there on a charge of triple murder. From thence he was sent to England on board a man-of-war, bound with chains: but in a fit of frenzy he burst his bonds and threw himself into the sea to put an end to his miserable life. He was rescued, but again and again attempted the same desperate act. God had, however, other and more merciful designs as regarded this poor sinner. He was safely landed at Southampton, and from thence sent to Winchester, where he was tried; and the evidence against him being overwhelming, he was finally condemned to death.

We must now leave the criminal for a short time, and give our readers the graphic description of his conversion from the pen of the holy Capuchin Father who was God's instrument on this occasion. He writes:

"I had been but a short time in England, and spoke the language very imperfectly, when I was one day sent for by Dr. Grant, the saintly Bishop of Southwark, who, to my great astonishment, asked me if I would go down as soon as possible to Winchester gaol, to attend an Italian youth who had been condemned to death for three murders committed by him on the high seas. The bishop added that the unfortunate man, who was only eight-and-twenty, had refused the ministrations of more than one priest who had been sent to try and influence him; that he (the bishop) had himself endeavoured to get at him, but had failed in the attempt, the prisoner having declared that as he had lived so he would die, and that he would have nothing to say to any priest whatsoever. It had then come into the bishop's head that he would send me, as I, being an Italian, might probably have some effect upon him and possibly soften that hard heart. I pleaded my inability to speak English, and the difficulty I should have not only in finding my way to Winchester, but in explaining my wants and wishes to the prison authorities, who were not likely to be favourable to the poor monk's brown habit. But the bishop replied that as a son of St. Francis my duty was to obey, and bade me go in God's Name, and not doubt that Our Lady would assist me, and that, through my means, this poor guilty soul might be saved from eternal damnation.

"It was the Feast of the Immaculate Conception; and so, trusting in Our Lady's all-powerful aid, I accepted the bishop's commission and started. I borrowed a dictionary at the monastery, and studied it diligently during my journey down, so that I might know what words to use on my first arrival, and how to inquire my way to the gaol. I was very courteously received by the governor of the prison, to whom I announced myself and explained my mission. He insisted on my taking some refreshment at his own table, and then conducted me himself to the cell of the condemned man. He warned me not to approach too near him, for he was so very violent that it had been found necessary to chain him, and no one dared go within his reach.

"When I entered the cell I understood at once the meaning of the governor's warning. The prisoner, in truth, looked more like a tiger than a human being. He chafed, and glared at me like a maniac; but remembering under whose protection I had placed myself, I went straight up to him and spoke to him gently and lovingly, saying I was his fellow-countryman, and had come a long way on purpose to see him. I requested the governor to leave me alone with him; and then, taking his hand, I told him how grieved I was to see him chained like that, and that I would ask to have the manacles removed, so that we might sit down comfortably together like brothers, as we truly were. He asked me if I should not be afraid of him. I assured him I had no fear whatever; and at my earnest request the chains were removed, though the warders were evidently

alarmed at my being left thus alone with him when his limbs were freed. I reassured them, and the moment we were left by ourselves the poor fellow fell at my feet and burst into tears. I knelt down and prayed with him, and consoled him in every way in my power; and he then and there poured out to me the whole history of his past life, as it has been partly related here, tracing back all his misfortunes to his first act of rebellion as a boy, and to the pain and trouble he had given to his widowed mother. He said that her voice still rang in his ears when she had told him that if he continued his disobedience he would surely die on a scaffold. 'And her words have come true,' sobbed the poor fellow, as he knelt in the deepest penitence before me, crying, in fact, like a little child, and begging and imploring God's forgiveness for his sins; so that the heartiness of his contrition moved me likewise, and we mingled our tears together. I saw that he was evidently not fit to be alone. I did not know what he might do to himself in his despair; so that I went and obtained from the governor permission to remain with him every day, from early morning till late at night.

"I kept the bishop informed of every particular regarding his state; and when he heard that Fernando had shown such contrition, and made so open a confession, he exclaimed with joy: 'This is indeed a miracle of the Immaculate Conception!' Only a few months before two other Italian Carbonari had been executed for murder at Winchester, without having consented to see a priest. The poor bishop, standing among the crowd, could only give them conditional absolution when

the drop fell; and he had always feared that Fernando's end would be as sad as theirs had been.

"When Dr. Grant heard of the wonderful change which the grace of God had wrought in this poor young fellow's heart, he gave me leave to celebrate Mass in his cell. And there, on a little temporary altar, I daily offered the Holy Sacrifice, Fernando himself serving my Mass with the greatest devotion and reverence, and frequently receiving his Lord in Holy Communion. The rest of the day we spent in prayer, saying the Rosary and the Stations of the Cross, or reading the Gospel narrative of the Passion of Our Lord or the lives of the saints. Thus we spent the greater part of the month of December. I became intensely interested in and attached to him: and the warders and governor of the prison never ceased expressing their astonishment at the total change which had come over their once refractory prisoner. I would I could describe more minutely the strange events of his chequered life, and the interior conflicts he had gone through on several occasions before his last entire conversion. But up to the very end he dreaded lest I should reveal any circumstances connected with the wretched secret society he had so unhappily joined, seeming always to fear the vengeance of the Carbonari—so terrible is the terrorism exercised by those men over their victims, lest their infamous practices should be revealed!

"Only a week before his execution I had a specimen of the influence these men still had over him. Christmas-day had dawned. I had said my first Mass, as usual, in his cell, and had gone to the church to cele-

brate the other two. During my absence three Italians of the worst possible sort asked for and obtained permission from the governor to see the prisoner. Of course, he had not an idea who or what they were, and only thought they were friends and countrymen of Fernando's; and his conduct had been so exemplary since his conversion that every one was anxious to show him some kindness and sympathy. When I returned, which I did the moment my Masses were over, I found, to my dismay, that Fernando was an altered man. He was no longer my humble penitent, anxious to do everything he could to atone for the past. There were again passion and vengeance in his eye. He walked restlessly up and down his cell, eyeing me askance from time to time. I saluted him as I entered, and said a few loving words to him on the Feast; but he never answered a word, and looked sullenly down on the floor.

"I own that for the first time I was frightened, but I determined not to show it. I said nothing more, but knelt down before our little altar with the picture of Our Lady of Dolours upon it, and began to pray, keeping an eye on him all the time. Suddenly he came up behind me and seized me by the back of the neck so as almost to strangle me. I felt sure that he meant to murder me, and that my last hour was come. I made a fervent act of contrition, and called, as I thought for the last time, on Mary, invoking her aid. She did not fail me; in another second Fernando had relaxed his hold, and fell again sobbing and powerless at my feet. Grace had once more conquered. He knelt and implored me to forgive him for what he called his base

ingratitude. He then confessed that the three Italians who had been with him in my absence were members of this same secret society, and pretended that as I, an Italian priest, was attending him, all the evil secrets of their wretched lives would be revealed to the world; that the only way to save them would be for him to take my life. They urged that it would make no difference to him; that he was, anyhow, to die on a scaffold, and that he could but die once; but that if he would only follow their advice and rid them of me, they would make the most desperate efforts to release him, and that they thought they should succeed, even if they had to wait till he was on his way to the place of execution. All this poor Fernando poured out to me with many tears, ending by beseeching me to request the governor not to allow any one in future to be admitted to see him except myself.

"After this terrible internal struggle he was, if possible, more contrite and more fervent than before. But the days passed only too quickly, and then the last night came. I dreaded lest the devil should make a final effort to gain the soul so lately snatched from his grasp, and so went again to the governor and besought him, as a very great favour, for leave to pass that last night with the prisoner. He said at first it was a thing that was never allowed; but I was so urgent that at last he said he could not refuse me. He likewise ordered a second bed to be placed in the cell, so that I might, at any rate, have some rest during the night. But I had no inclination to lie down, and still less to sleep. Fernando wanted to watch with me; but I insisted on

his making use of the bed prepared for me, and told him to try and get some sleep, that he might be braver on the morrow. He obeyed me; and I sat with my breviary in my hand, but my eyes fixed upon him, thanking God in my heart for the great grace of repentance that He had vouchsafed to him, and with a yearning yet (as I well knew) fruitless desire that his life might be spared.

"I can never describe all I felt during those last hours. Soon after midnight, Fernando suddenly started up in a paroxysm of despair. He screamed out in a loud voice that he saw the blood of the victims he had murdered before him; he dashed himself in a frenzy against the wall, tearing the bedclothes from him and trying to destroy himself. I took up my crucifix, and, putting my arms tenderly round him, began to preach of God's mercy and forgiveness, and of the all-sufficient atonement offered for us all on the Cross. God only knows what I said; I was almost beside myself with grief and compassion. But He deigned to bless my poor words, and again His grace triumphed. Once more poor Fernando came back to himself—penitent, strengthened, and consoled. But he would not lie down again, lest another frightful nightmare should come upon him. At two o'clock in the morning, for the last time, I celebrated the Holy Sacrifice in his cell, and he made his last Communion with such penitence and fervour as would have moved a heart of stone. After it was over he asked me to sing with him the *Stabat Mater*, a hymn his mother had taught him as a child, and which he had never forgotten. I could hardly join in it, for my voice was choked with tears.

"Then he remained on his knees in prayer, renewing his confession, his acts of contrition, and also of thanksgiving for the singular mercy God had shown him in calling him to repentance. So he went on till eight o'clock in the morning, when I heard a knock at the door of the cell, and shuddered, for I knew but too well what it meant. The governor, entering, said to me:

"'Mr. Pacificus, it is time.'

"'All right,' I answered; 'leave him to me.'

"And then I turned to Fernando, and told him simply it was time to go.

"'To go where?' he asked, as if bewildered.

"'To Calvary,' I replied. 'Do not fear: I will go with you, and One mightier than I will be with you to the end.'

"And then, for the last time, we knelt together before the little altar where the Holy Sacrifice had so lately been offered, and before the image of Our Lady of Sorrows which hung above it, and we said once more 'Hail Mary' to her whose loving aid had wrought such marvels of grace; and then we rose and left together that cell which had indeed become a sanctuary. The warders desisted from taking hold of him when I assured them that he would be as quiet as a lamb; and he walked firmly, leaning on my arm, to the place of execution. I wore my Franciscan habit, and we repeated together the Litany of the Dying in a loud voice as we walked along. When we had got a little way Fernando stopped me, and begged that he might take off his shoes and his coat.

"'I have been a great sinner,' he said, 'and I wish to go to the scaffold as a humble penitent.'

"A little further on he stopped me again, and said that when I went about preaching to others I must mention the example of his life, and warn all children to be dutiful and obedient to their parents, and especially to their mothers, lest they should end as he had done. He added that ever since he had run away from his mother, and caused her such sorrow and anxiety, he had always felt miserable and unhappy.*

"At last we arrived at the scaffold, and he quietly

*I had forgotten to mention that the day previous to his execution he tried to write to his mother (who he fancied was still living) to express his love and sorrow for having grieved her; but he was so affected when he began to think of her he could not write a word. After his death I wrote for him, but in such a way that she should, if possible, be spared the knowledge of his execution. I said:—

"DEAR MADAM,

"I am sorry to inform you that your dear son Fernando died the other day. But it would be a comfort to you in your sorrow to know that he died penitent. I have assisted him in his last moments and given him the Sacraments of the Church; and I was present at his death. The day before he died he begged of me to write to you, and implore your motherly forgiveness for having been the cause of such grief to you, and for having run away from you. He never ceased deploring his conduct towards you, and besought your pardon and blessing.

"I remain, dear madam,

"Your faithful servant,

"FATHER PACIFICUS."

I should also remark that he tried to write a farewell letter to the girl to whom he had become so deeply attached in Montevideo, but could not succeed; accordingly he begged of me to write to her and inform her of his end, and to assure her that he had the happiness to die a true penitent Christian, and to the end had worn the scapular she had placed round his neck.

mounted the steps, I and the executioner being by his side. He embraced me, and then meekly submitted to have his hands tied. But when the cap was put over his face he complained to me that he could not again see or kiss the crucifix. I lifted the covering from his mouth, and held the sacred image to his lips while he joined with me in fervent ejaculations, and implored the mercy of God to the last instant when he was launched into eternity.

"It was an awful moment; even now, after the lapse of so many years, I cannot think of the terrible details without a thrill of horror. Fernando was in full vigour of youth, and, as I have said, of enormous strength, and the consequence was that his death was very, very hard. It seemed to be an eternity before the doctor, with his finger upon his pulse, pronounced that he was quite dead. There was a great crowd around the prison doors and around the scaffold; but, contrary to what is usually the case on such occasions, their demeanour was quiet and even respectful, and many were moved to tears. Two of the officers of the gaol were so impressed by what they had seen, that they came to me the following day, asked to be put under instruction, and became Catholics."

The local Protestant papers, when describing the execution, said that if ever there were a true penitent it was Fernando, and if ever there were a priest worthy of the name it was the poor Franciscan monk.

"If you wish for more details," writes Father Pacificus, "I will try and give them to you; but I think the foregoing narrative is correct in every particular. I

have tried to read it over again, but I have never succeeded. It brings me back to Winchester, to the cell, to the scaffold, to all those terrible moments. It makes me cry! I had become so fond of him, there was so much that was so grand and beautiful in his character; and I had loved him as a son for many reasons, but especially because, through the intercession of Mary, I had been permitted to deliver him from the hands of the devil and his instruments, the Carbonari, and to bring him back, as a loving and penitent child, to the feet of our dear Lord, who had suffered and died for him on the cross."

We feel we can add little or nothing to this beautiful narrative of the first missionary work in England of this holy and devoted Capuchin Father. Many as may be the souls whom he has saved since these events took place, we think that in the last day, when he will receive his reward, none will give him greater joy than that of this poor Italian youth, whom his wonderful charity and courageous faith rescued from so terrible a condition, and brought, as he so touchingly writes, to the "feet of our dear Lord."

A TRUE STORY OF SOMERS TOWN.

Some years ago the parish of Somers Town was under the care of an aged and excellent priest; a man who devoted himself to his flock, and watched over each individual of it as far as lay in his power. Many were the weary hours he passed with those whose ears seemed deaf to his exhortations; many were the prayers he said for those who never prayed for themselves.

There was, however, one person in particular who had caused him very great trouble and anxiety. This was a young man who, some time since, had made the acquaintance of a woman of bad character, and had eventually agreed to marry her. The priest, knowing the kind of person she was, and that such a marriage could only bring misery upon the young man, did all in his power to prevent it, entreating him to break it off, and have nothing more to do with her, and using every argument he could think of to convince him. In vain, however, did the good old priest exhort and advise; the young man only got angry, and spoke so disrespectfully and wickedly that at last the priest was obliged to let him go his own way.

I do not know how the marriage turned out, nor even whether they were married at all—indeed, this has nothing to do with my story; certain it is, at any rate, that the foolish young man never forgave the

priest for having tried to prevent it, and kept up ever after a feeling of bitterness towards him, which, it seems, at length increased to such a degree that his chief desire was to be revenged upon him. He thought of various ways of carrying out his wicked purpose, and at length the idea came into his head that he would pretend to be very ill, send for the priest, and then, when he came into the room, shoot him with a pistol.

So true is it that when once people begin to encourage bad thoughts they increase tenfold, for the devil never fails to take advantage of an opportunity; and thus a slight temptation unresisted may be, and alas! often is, the first step towards mortal sin. So it was in this case; the young man began by giving way to bitter and revengeful thoughts, and little by little he went on from one thing to another, until he had actually formed the purpose of committing a deliberate murder.

But to return to our story. Having found a companion as bad as himself, he told him of his plan, and desired him to go to the priest and beg him to come at once to a dying man; he, in the meantime, would go to bed, so that when the priest arrived he might have no suspicion of any deception. So his friend started at once and went to the presbytery, which was some little distance off.

It was a dark winter's night, the cold was intense, and there was a violent storm of wind and rain. The old priest had just finished saying his Office, and was preparing to go to bed when he heard a loud knock at the door. It was somewhat unusual for any one to call

so late, especially in such weather, and the old man opened the door of his room and tried to listen to the stranger's reply to the inquiry of his housekeeper as to what was his business; but the wind blew so hard, and the rain made such a noise against the windows, that he could not catch the words. In a few minutes the housekeeper came upstairs.

"A sick call, Father."

"It is too late to-night," answered her master; "tell them I will go to-morrow morning."

"But, Father, the messenger says the man who sent him is very ill, and he hopes you will go at once."

"I will speak to him myself," said the priest, and going downstairs he asked whether the case was a very urgent one, saying he would call early on the following day. But the man insisted that it was most pressing, that his friend was dying.

"It is nearly eleven o'clock," returned the old man, "and I am weak and infirm."

"I was desired to beg of you to come immediately," replied the stranger; "my poor friend is in great danger."

"I will be with him by seven o'clock to-morrow morning," said the priest again.

"For the love of God, I entreat you to come to-night!" exclaimed the man.

Then the good priest resisted no longer.

"I cannot refuse when you ask me 'for the love of God,'" he said, and calling to his servant to give him his hat and umbrella, he prepared to follow his conductor; and so they both set out on that bitter winter's night.

The rain poured down in torrents from the dark heavy sky; the sharp north wind beat against the old man's face, and he shivered all over with cold and fatigue; yet still he walked patiently onward, heedless of the storm, for had he not been asked to go for the love of God?

After they had proceeded silently on their way for some time, his guide turned down a narrow street and stopped before a dingy-looking house.

"Is it here that your friend lives?" asked the old priest.

His companion either did not hear the question, or was not disposed to answer, for he made no reply, but knocked several times loudly at the door, and stood waiting for it to be opened. Several minutes passed away without any answer; the man knocked again more violently, and finding that still no notice was taken, he bent down his head to the keyhole, and called out through it that he would not wait a moment longer in the rain and storm. Still no one came, and still the two stood waiting, the poor old priest trembling all over from the cold, and his companion giving vent to his anger and impatience by abusive language and an occasional violent blow against the door, loud enough, one would have thought, to awaken the heaviest sleeper. At length, his small powers of endurance being completely exhausted, he declared he must make his way in by force; and accordingly, in spite of the repeated entreaties and remonstrances of the priest, he proceeded to throw himself against the door with all his strength, and actually succeeded in breaking it open;

then, hastily going in, he begged the old man to follow him, and led the way up some broken-down stairs to the door of his friend's bedroom. Here he paused for a moment.

"This is the sick man's room," he said, turning round to the priest, who was slowly following him up the staircase. "Will you be pleased to go straight up to his bedside? He's expecting you."

So saying, he unfastened the door and held it open, remaining, however, himself outside. The priest went in, and walked at once up to the bed as he had been directed. A man was in it, nearly covered up with the bedclothes. As he did not speak, the priest sat down beside him; and after a while, finding that his silence still continued, he began to say a few words to him, asking whether he was better, and if he had imagined himself to be in great danger, as he had sent such an urgent message to fetch him. As still no sound was heard, the priest thought he must be asleep, and got up from his chair to examine him more closely. Gently drawing down the coverings, he put his hand on the young man's forehead; it was cold as a stone! Then he thought he would feel his pulse, but before his fingers had had time to take hold of the patient's wrist, the old man's eyes rested on an object which seemed to have fallen from his hand, and lay beside him on the bed. It was a pistol! That it was loaded, and had been intended to be the instrument of his destruction, of course the poor old priest did not know; but so shocked was he at the whole circumstance, that he at once called the other man to come in, and beckoning him up to the

bed, pointed to the lifeless figure lying in it, and to the pistol beside him. The man looked at him, felt his pulse, and then without a word walked away. His friend was dead! God had summoned him before he had been able to execute his crime, and had preserved the life of His faithful servant.

I do not know whether the old priest ever knew the details of the murder that had been contemplated or that it was he himself who was to have been the victim; if he did, I am sure the knowledge would only cause him to say an additional *De profundis* for that miserable soul, in the hope that, in Our Lord's boundless mercy, it might yet avail him. For the old priest was a true disciple of his blessed Master; and if there was one point in which throughout his life he especially strove to imitate Him, it was in his endeavour to return good for evil.

This story was told to a friend of mine by the companion of the would-be murderer, who, converted by the awful judgment of God on his friend, had become a thorough penitent and a good and practising Catholic.

ENGLAND AND THE HOLY EUCHARIST.

By the Very Rev. Canon Connelly.

[The following sketch of the faith and practice of this country before the reformation in regard to the Holy Eucharist was given in a course of lectures delivered at St. George's Cathedral, Southwark, on the Sunday evenings of June, 1896. The idea was taken from Father Bridgett's admirable *History of the Holy Eucharist in Great Britain*, which was largely drawn upon. References to other authorities are given in the text as they occur.]

1. The Old Faith and the Real Presence.

The teaching of the Holy Scripture with regard to the great mystery of the Blessed Eucharist may, I think, be conveniently divided into four principal epochs or stages. The first of these is the epoch of prophecy, embodied in types and figures—Melchisedech's sacrifice of bread and wine, the Paschal Lamb, the manna in the desert—and culminating in the prophecy of Malachias: "From the rising of the sun even to the going down, My name is great among the Gentiles, and in every place there is a sacrifice, and there is offered to My name a clean oblation."

The second stage is that of clear, explicit promise; and it is exemplified in the words of our Lord recorded in the sixth chapter of St. John's Gospel: "I am the bread of life. . . . I am the living bread, which came down from Heaven . . . and the bread that I will give you is My flesh for the life of the world." Then follows the stage of fulfilment both of prophecy and of promise, when at His last supper He takes bread into His hands, and says: "Take ye, and eat: this is My Body. . . . And in like manner the chalice," etc.

And, lastly, comes the stage of Apostolic preaching by which this mystery is proclaimed to the Church, as seen in St. Paul's declaration to the Christians of Corinth: "I have received of the Lord that which also I delivered unto you; how that the Lord Jesus, on the same night in which He was betrayed, took bread, and giving thanks, broke and said, 'Take ye and eat: this is My Body which shall be delivered for you. . . . In like manner also the chalice,'" etc.

Now what was the belief of the Christian Church with regard to the Holy Eucharist, corresponding to these mystic events and words? Unquestionably, with a few inconsiderable exceptions, to which I shall refer later, that belief, for fifteen hundred years, was that they were to be understood literally: that the Body and Blood of Christ were truly and really present, under the appearances of bread and wine; that the Body and Blood of Christ were truly and really offered to God in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and truly and really received in the Holy Communion.

The Protestant Reformers.

This, I say, speaking generally, was the unanimous Faith of the whole of Christendom until the sixteenth century brought Martin Luther and the Protestant Reformers, with their revolt, their substitution of private judgement for the Divine authority of the Church of God. And what was the result? A very Babel of confusion and contradiction. While agreeing in rejecting and foully blaspheming the traditional interpretation of the whole Christian Church, they differed hopelessly with one another and with themselves as to what interpretation was to be substituted for it.

The Protestant historian, Hallam, states that at the accession of Edward VI., three principal theories about the Sacrament of the Eucharist—to say nothing of subordinate varieties—divided the Protestants of Europe. (1) Luther invented a theory usually called Consubstantiation. He imagined the two substances to be so united that they might be termed bread and wine, or the Body

and Blood of Christ, with equal propriety. (2) Zwingle and Œcolampadius, rejecting every notion of a Real Presence, and divesting the institution of all its mystery, saw only figurative symbols in the elements which Christ had appointed as a commemoration of His death. "But this novel opinion," Hallam declares, "excited as much indignation in Luther as in the Romanists." (3) Martin Bucer, of Strasburg, did not acknowledge a local presence of Christ's Body and Blood in the elements after consecration, while he contended that they were really, and without figure, received by the worthy communicant through faith.

This last view seems to have been the one embodied in the first English Book of Common Prayer; for Cranmer, who had the chief part in the inspiration and composition of that work, speaking in the House of Lords in the debate on the Communion Service of the Prayer Book, said: "I believe that Christ is eaten with the heart. The eating with our mouth cannot give us life, for then should a sinner have life. Only good men can eat Christ's Body. When the evil (man) eateth the Sacrament, bread and wine, he neither hath Christ's Body nor eateth it."

The Catholic Doctrine.

And what is the true Faith taught by the Catholic Church as against these heretical opinions? It was declared by the Council of Trent in its condemnation of the errors of the Reformers: "In the first place, the holy Synod teaches and openly and simply professes that in the august Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist, after the consecration of the bread and wine, our Lord Jesus Christ, true God and man, is truly, really, and substantially contained under the appearances of these sensible things." . . . "It is indeed," continues the Council, "a crime the most unworthy, that the express and clear words of Christ, testifying that He gave His own very Body and His own Blood, should be wrested by certain contentious and wicked men to fictitious and imaginary figures of speech, whereby the reality of the flesh and

blood of Christ is denied, contrary to the universal sense of the Church, which is the pillar and ground of truth."

The Anglo-Saxon Church.

This teaching of the Church is summed up in the word Transubstantiation—a term which is defined in the Creed of Pius IV. to mean "the conversion of the whole substance of the bread into the Body, and of the whole substance of the wine into the Blood, of Christ." The particular point which is at present engaging our attention is the question whether the Old Faith of England was or was not in agreement with this teaching. To us—who believe that the Church of God can never err in what she teaches, because Christ our Lord founded her upon a rock and promised that the Holy Spirit should abide with her all days, to teach her all truth, and to preserve her from all error—it is unnecessary to go about to prove that the Faith of her children, in any age, was identically what it is to-day; but, inasmuch as some Protestant authors have asserted that the doctrine of Transubstantiation was unknown to the Saxon Church and was introduced into this country by the scholastics after the Norman Conquest, it will be worth while to make a few quotations from writers of the Saxon period, to show how demonstrably false this assertion is.

In the very earliest document of the Saxon Church which has come down to us, St. Gregory the Great, writing to St. Augustine, the Apostle of England, draws a contrast between the Angel who gave the Ten Commandments to the Jews on Mount Sinai, and the Lord of Angels, who is contained in the Blessed Sacrament. "If so much purity," he says, "was then required, where God spoke to the people by means of a subject creature" (the Saint is alluding to a common opinion that, under the Old Dispensation, it was not God Himself who appeared to men, but an Angel representing Him), "how much purer ought they to be who receive the Body of Almighty God, lest they be burdened with the greatness of that unutterable mystery!"

Again, writing 225 years before the Norman Conquest

(A.D. 841), Aimo, a scholar of Alcuin, who was a disciple of Venerable Bede, says: "That the substance of the bread and wine, which are placed upon the altar, is made the Body and Blood of Christ by the mysterious action of the priest and thanksgiving, God effecting this by His Divine grace and secret power, it would be monstrous madness to doubt. We believe, then, and faithfully confess and hold, that the substance of bread and wine, by the operation of Divine power—the nature I say, of bread and wine is substantially converted into another substance, that is, into Flesh and Blood. Surely, it is not impossible to the omnipotence of Divine wisdom to change natures once created into whatever it may choose, since when it pleased it created them from nothing. He who could make something out of nothing can find no difficulty in changing one thing to another. It is, then, the invisible Priest who converts visible creatures into the substance of His own Flesh and and Blood by His secret power. In this, which we call the Body and Blood of Christ, the taste and appearance of bread and wine remain, to remove all horror from those who receive; but the nature of the substances is altogether changed into the Body and Blood of Christ. The senses tell us one thing, faith tells us another. The senses can only tell us what they perceive, but the intelligence tells us of the true Flesh and Blood of Christ, and faith confesses it." The Anglo-Saxon Church knew nothing of Transubstantiation? Why, the Canons and Decrees of the Council of Trent themselves do not state the doctrine more clearly and explicitly than does this Anglo-Saxon writer of the ninth century. Surely, if ever there was one, this is a case of *Credidi propter quod locutus sum*—"I believed, for which cause I have spoken."

Visions and Apparitions.

Other not less conclusive, though indirect testimonies to the faith of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers, are the stories of visions, apparitions, and miracles of which they have left records, and by which they believed the

mystery of the Real Presence to be attested. The following is told of St. Edward the Confessor, who died just nine months before the Norman Conquest, by Abbot St. Ældred, who was born about forty years later: "In the Monastery of St. Peter, which he had rebuilt or enlarged, before the Altar of the Blessed Trinity the most Christian King was assisting at the mysteries of our Redemption. Count Leofric, whose memory is in benediction, and who can never be named without reverence and spiritual joy, was present with his wife, Godiva. The holy Count was standing at a little distance from the King. The holy mystery was being celebrated at the altar, and the Divine Sacraments were in the priest's hands, when, behold, He who is beautiful beyond the sons of men, Christ Jesus, appeared standing on the altar, visible to the bodily eyes of both, and with His right hand stretched over the King He blessed him with the sign of the Cross. The King, bowing his head, adored the presence of the Divine Majesty, and with humble posture paid honour to so great a blessing. The Count, not knowing what was passing in the mind of the King, and wishing him to share in so great a vision, began to draw near to him. But the King, knowing his thoughts, said: 'Stop, Leofric, stop; I see what you see.' They both give themselves up to prayers, and are inebriated with the fulness of God's house, and drink of the torrent of His delights. When Mass is over they converse on the heavenly vision. The King forbids the Count to mention it to anyone during his life." In this he imitates our Lord after the Transfiguration. The Count merely tells it to a Religious at Worcester in confession, binding him also to secrecy, but begging him to write it that it may be revealed later on. This was done, and so it became known after the King's death.

St. Odo.

The value of such stories as evidence of the faith of those who relate them does not depend on the reality of the alleged vision or apparition. They may or may

not have been a delusion, without impairing in the least their cogency as evidence. Can you imagine an Anglican using such language as "the mysteries of our Redemption, the holy mystery, the Divine Sacraments," of his Communion Service; or in connexion with it, believing in the possibility of such an apparition? Surely not. And why? Simply because he does not believe in the Real Presence as our Anglo-Saxon forefathers did. A similar story is told of St. Odo, Archbishop of Canterbury, who died 107 years before the Norman Conquest; the event which is supposed to have brought about the transition from some primitive form of faith, closely resembling that set forth by the Thirty-nine Articles, to the corrupt doctrine of Transubstantiation as afterwards promulgated by the Council of Trent. Well, what is St. Odo's testimony on this point? "About this time," it is recorded, "some clerks, reduced by a malignant error, tried to assert that the bread and wine which are placed on the altar, after consecration remain in their first substance, and are only the figure of the Body and Blood of Christ, and not His true Body and Blood. The Blessed Odo, wishing to destroy this enormous perfidy, one day, while devoutly offering the sacred rites of the Mass in the presence of the whole people, with tears besought the clemency of God Almighty to favour his ministry, so as to destroy their error, and show the substantial nature of the Divine mysteries. When he had come to the breaking of the life-giving bread—O ineffable mercy of God, O evident presence of the Divine Majesty!—blood immediately began to drop from the fragments of the Body of Christ which the Pontiff held in his hands. He shed tears of joy, and called to the assistant ministers, that those especially should draw near who had lately staggered in faith. They came quickly; and stupefied at the contemplation of such wonders, they cried out with trembling voice: 'O most happy of men, to whom the Son of God thus reveals Himself in the flesh!' And again: 'Pray, O father, the Divine Majesty, that this blood be changed back into its first form; that the Divine vengeance overtake us not for our incredulity.' The priest prayed

and after his prayer looked at the altar; and where he had placed the blood he found the accustomed species of wine. When he had partaken of the Heavenly Sacraments, to the joy of all who were present at this great spectacle, the Bishop commanded the poor to be gathered from every side, and a solemn feast to be prepared for them, for a memorial of this miracle." Such is the account of Eadmer, a writer who lived about a century later; and it is practically identical with that given by a Saxon writer, a Monk of Ramsey, who had been intimate with St. Oswald, Odo's nephew, from whom he had probably learnt what he relates.

Wycliffe.

That the faith of the people of England in regard to the Holy Eucharist, from the Norman Conquest to the Reformation, was in every particular identical with that of the Council of Trent, no one attempts to question. There was, however, one notable exception. During the fourteenth century John Wycliffe, after making virulent attacks, during the course of a long life, upon various points of the Church's doctrine and discipline, together with fierce denunciations of undoubted abuses and scandals, three years before his death began to deny and vehemently to assail, the doctrine of the Real Presence in the Blessed Eucharist. Many were led astray; but the University of Oxford rejected his teaching as heretical, and the sturdy good sense of the people, as a whole, was impervious to his sophistries. As Thomas Netter, a contemporary writer, argued: "Are, then, all infidels who are not Wycliffites? All—Greeks, Illyrians, Spaniards, French, Indians, Hungarians, Danes, Germans, Italians, Poles, Lithuanians, English, Irish, Scotch—all the innumerable priests and Bishops throughout the world—all blind, all infidels? And has the whole Church throughout the world now at length to learn from this John Wicked-life [a play upon the heretic's name] what Christ meant in the Gospel when He gave His Body in the Eucharist? And did Christ thus leave His spouse, the Church of the whole world,

deprived of the possession of the true Faith, in order to cleave to this Wycliffian harlot? Surely the portentous ambition of this new sect is alone deserving of eternal punishment. You wretched, deluded men, does it really seem to you a trifle to believe in Christ, as you profess to do, and to disbelieve in His Church? To believe in Christ the Head, and to sever from Him His mystic body? To begin the Creed with 'I believe in God,' and to terminate your counter-creed with 'I deny the Catholic Church'?" May He who said 'I am the Bread of Life; he that believeth in Me hath life everlasting' —may He preserve us all from such pernicious error, and keep us always in the way of truth!

II. The Old Faith and the Holy Sacrifice.

From the beginning God's servants—Abel, Noe, Melchisedech, Abraham, Aaron—worshipped Him by sacrifices, offering sheep and oxen and the first fruits of the earth. But of what value were such things in the sight of God? None whatever in themselves, but great as shadows of infinitely better things to come. Never was sacrifice worthy of God offered until the Son of God became Himself both priest and victim; until He offered a sacrifice entirely adequate to the supreme worship of the Infinite God, and the perfect atonement for the sins of the whole world. This He did once by His actual death and shedding of His Sacred Blood upon the Cross; and this He has never ceased to do by His mystical death, and the mystical out-pouring of His Precious Blood in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

The Sacrifice of the Mass.

What does the Catholic faith teach us? It teaches us that, when our Blessed Saviour took bread into His hands, and said, "This is My Body," by His almighty power He actually and really changed that bread into His true Body; that when of the wine He said, "This is the chalice of My Blood," it straightway became His

sacred Blood: and that He, there and then, by this, as it were, mystical death of His; by this mysterious representation of that separation of Body and Blood, which was so soon actually to take place in His sacred Passion and Death, He, there and then, offered to God a true and real sacrifice, of true and infinite value, worthy of God Himself, and sufficient for the redemption of the world. Wonderful as this was, there was yet more marvellous to follow. "Do this," He added, "for a commemoration of Me."

But let me quote for you the learned Dr. Rock's lucid explanation of these words: "The words of Jesus were too distinct and explicit not to be intelligible: hence, the Apostles knew, that by this expression—'Do this for a commemoration of Me'—our Saviour meant to be thus understood: 'As I took bread, and brake, and gave to you saying: This is My Body: and really and substantially made it, by My heavenly power, what I said it was,—My Body which is given for you;—and, as I, having taking the chalice, giving thanks, gave to you saying: This is My Blood:—and really, substantially made it what I then declared it was,—My Blood which shall be shed for many; and thus offered to My Father in a mystic and unbloody manner, that same victim, My own same Body and Blood, which is to be immolated on the Cross in a visible and bloody manner,—so do you take bread, and blessing it, make it My Body; and taking wine, bless it, and make it My Blood; and thus, continually present to Heaven, in an unbloody manner, not a different but the self-same sacrifice, which shall be offered up in a bloody manner, once, upon the Cross:—'Do this for a commemoration of Me, for as often as you shall eat this bread, and drink the chalice, you shall show the death of the Lord until He come.'"

Such in outline is the Church's doctrine, which is briefly summed up in these words of the Creed of Pope Pius IV.: "I profess that in the Mass there is offered to God a true, proper, and propitiatory sacrifice for the living and the dead." The question to which we have now to address ourselves is the inquiry whether the Faith of England before the Reformation was in harmony with

this teaching? If it was, then doubtless we shall find that our forefathers in the Faith testified their veneration for these tremendous mysteries by the care with which they instilled into their children, from their tenderest years, a love and veneration for the Holy Sacrifice; by the piety with which holy priests celebrated, and the devout faithful assisted at Mass; and by its entering into and sanctifying every important incident of their lives. Let us see what the pages of history have to tell us on these points.

Scholars and the Holy Sacrifice.

From many passages in our old writers it is evident that school children were expected to hear Mass every day. Thus in the *Young Children's Book* the scholar is taught his duty in this respect in the following lines:—

> Arise betime out of thy bed
> And bless thy breast and thy forehead,
> Then wash thy hands and thy face,
> Comb thy head, and ask God's grace
> Thee to help in all thy works,
> Thou shalt speed better whatso thou carps.
> Then go to the church and hear a Mass,
> There ask mercy for thy trespass.

The illustrious William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester, who, towards the end of the fourteenth century, founded "Seinte Marie College of Wynchestre," the oldest of our great Public Schools, when a boy used to hear Mass daily, at an altar of our Lady against a pillar in the nave of the Cathedral; and so affectionate was the memory which he retained of those early Masses of his boyhood, that he chose that very spot for his burial and chantry chapel. In the Statutes of St. Paul's School, London, endowed in 1512 by John Colet, Dean of St. Paul's, for 153 boys "of every nation, country, and class," in memory of the number of fishes taken by St. Peter, it is prescribed that "There shall be also in the school a priest, that daily as he can be disposed shall sing Mass in the chapel of the school, and pray for the

children to prosper in good life and good literature, to the honour of God and our Lord Jesus Christ;" and the boys who were not present at this Mass were directed to kneel on their forms when they heard the "sacring bell" rung at the Elevation. Those were days when a godless education, for which some men of to-day are so clamorous, was not regarded as the highest ideal of mental and moral training.

St. Dunstan.

As an example of the devotion with which a holy priest celebrated, let me quote for you the testimony of an eye-witness to the tender piety of St. Dunstan, who was Archbishop of Canterbury in the latter half of the tenth century. "When he was minded to pay to Christ our Lord the due homage of service and the celebration of Mass, he laboured with such entire devotion in singing [celebrating] that he seemed to be speaking face to face with our Lord, even if just before he had been vexed with the quarrels of the people. Like St. Martin, he constantly kept eye and hand intent on Heaven, never letting his spirit rest from prayer." And of the Saint's last Mass it is recorded by Adelard, his contemporary, that "On Ascension Day, 988, Dunstan preached as he had never preached before; and as his Master, when about to suffer, had spoken of peace and charity to His Disciples, and had given His Flesh and Blood for their spiritual food, so, too, did Dunstan commend to God the Church which had been committed to him, raising it to Heaven by his words, and absolving it from sin by his Apostolic authority. And, offering the sacrifice of the Lamb of God, he reconciled it to God. But before the Holy Communion, having given, as usual, the blessing to the people, he was touched by the Holy Ghost. Then, having commended peace and charity to all, while they looked on him as on an Angel of God, he exclaimed: 'Farewell for ever.' The people were still listening eagerly to his voice, and gazing lovingly on his face, when he returned to the holy altar to feed on his Life; and so, having refreshed himself with the Bread of Life, he completed this day with spiritual joy."

The Devout Faithful.

But, you will ask, in what manner did the devout faithful assist at the Holy Sacrifice? There are those who think that in the "Dark Ages," falsely so called, the people were uninstructed and ignorant, and were unable to follow intelligibly or profitably a Mass that was said in Latin. Happily there are certain early texts still extant which show how much laymen valued the Mass, and how carefully they were taught to follow its mystic words and action; notably a text by an unknown author of the thirteenth century, which has recently been published by the Catholic Truth Society under the title of *The Lay Folk's Mass Book*, for the small price of one penny; and I strongly recommend every one who wishes to form a just appreciation of this question to procure a copy of this charming little work. It is written in quaint verse, and consists of prayers appropriate to the chief parts of the Mass, with directions as to what the priest is doing, and how the people are to follow him. I will confine myself to quoting, as an example of the author's style, the following beautiful eulogy of the Holy Sacrifice:—

> The worthiest thing, most of goodness,
> In all this world, it is the Mass.
> If a thousand clerks did nought else
> (According as St. Jerome tells)
> But told the virtue of Mass-singing,
> And the profit of Mass-hearing,
> Yet should they never the fifth part,
> For all their wit and all their art,
> Tell the virtue, meeds, and pardon
> To them that with devotion,
> In cleanness and with good intent,
> Do worship to this Sacrament.

Mass on Sundays.

The law which regulated the duties of laymen as regarded the worship of God on Sundays was as

follows: "It is most right and proper that every Christian man who has it in his power to do so, should come on Saturday to the church (a day was then counted from sunset to sunset, not as now from midnight to midnight) and bring a light with him, and there hear the Vesper song, and after midnight the uht-song, and come with his offering in the morning to the Solemn Mass; and when he is there let there be no dispute or quarrel, or discord, but let him with peaceful mind, during the holy Office, intercede with his prayers and alms, both for himself and for all the people of God. And after the holy service let him return home and regale himself with his friends, and neighbours, and strangers, but at the same time, commit no excess in eating or drinking." And in another place: "We command all men, whatever may be their rank, to attend at the High Mass, with the exception of the hallowed maidens [nuns] whose custom is not to go out of their minsters [convents]; these should continue within the enclosures of their minsters and there hear Mass." Many priests said private Masses, and this gave rise to what was considered an abuse, viz., that many laymen, satisfied with having assisted at one of these Low Masses, did not come to the High Mass, and so did not hear the sermon. To prevent this a law was made, "that no one should break his fast or taste any meat before the service of High Mass was ended; but that all, both men and women, should assemble at the High Mass, and in the holy and ghostly church, and there hear the High Mass and the preaching of God's Word;" and "we command those Mass priests who, both on Sundays and other Mass-days, wish to sing [*i.e.*, to celebrate] before the High Mass, that they do so privately, so that they draw off no portion of the people from the High Mass."

A Day of Rest.

Similarly the Sunday rest from unnecessary servile work was enjoined with equal strictness. "Sunday," says the Council of Clovesho, in 747, "is very solemnly

to be reverenced; therefore we command that no man dare on that day to apply to any worldly work unless for the preparing of his food, except it happen that he must of necessity journey. Then he may ride, or row, or journey by such convenience as may be suitable, on the condition that he hear his Mass, and neglect not his prayers." In connexion with this subject, I may refer to a beautiful mediæval legend, to the effect that so universal was the day of rest that even the lost in hell had respite from their torments on the Lord's Day. It is recorded in a collection of old English homilies published by the Early English Text Society. In a homily on the duty of observing Sunday as a day of rest, amongst other reasons, the preacher alleges the following: "If you are willing to learn who first obtained rest for the wretched souls, I will truly tell you, it was St. Paul the Apostle and Michael the Archangel. These two went, once on a time, into hell, as the Lord bade them, to see how the folks fared there. Michael went before and Paul came after, and then Michael showed St. Paul the wretched sinful that were living there. Moreover, he showed him a well of fire, and its streams ran burning fire; and twelve master devils, like unto kings, guarded this well, and yet their own torment was in no wise diminished, though they were masters. Now began Paul to weep sorely, and the Archangel Michael wept also with him. Then came our Lord from Heaven to them, in the form of thunder, and thus spake: 'Paul, why weepest thou?' Paul answered: 'Lord, I bewail the manifold tortures which I see here in hell.' Then spake our Lord: 'Why would they not keep My laws while they were on earth?' Then said Paul meekly to Him: 'Lord, I now entreat Thee, if it be Thy pleasure, that Thou wilt give them rest, at least on Sunday, ever until doomsday come.' Then said God to him: 'Paul, I know well where I ought to show mercy. I will have mercy upon those that sought My mercy while they were yet alive.' Then was St. Paul very sorrowful, and bowed him quickly to his Lord's feet, and besought Him in these words: 'Lord, now I beseech Thee by Thy kingdom,

by Thine Angels, by Thy great mercy, by all Thy works, by all Thy Saints, and also by Thy elect, that Thou have mercy upon them, the more so since I have visited them, and give them rest on Sunday ever until Thy high doomsday come.' Then our Lord answered him with a more gentle voice: 'Arise now Paul, arise. I will give them rest as thou hast asked, from noon on Saturday until Monday's dawn, ever from this time forth until doomsday.'" And the homilist concludes: "Now, dear brethren, ye have heard who first obtained rest for the souls of the damned." *

Bidding Prayers.

At no period before the Reformation was Mass offered in the vernacular. Briton, Scot, Pict, Saxon, Dane, and Norman, all listened to, and in a measure understood, the same "majestic and changeless Latin." But it was the custom throughout England for the priest, at the parochial Mass on Sunday, to turn to the people, and in their own tongue to direct their intentions in offering the Holy Sacrifice by what was called the Bidding Prayer.

"Let us pray God Almighty, Heaven's high King, and St. Mary and all God's Saints, that we may God Almighty's will work, the while that we in this transitory life continue; that they us uphold and shield against all enemies' temptations, visible and invisible: Our Father.

"Let us pray for our Pope in Rome, and for our King, and for the Archbishop, and for the Alderman; and for all those that to us hold peace and friendship on the four sides towards this holy place; and for all those that for us pray within the English nation, or without the English nation: Our Father.

"Let us pray for our gossips [god-mothers] and for our god-fathers, and for our gild-fellows, and gild-sisters, and all those peoples' prayer who this holy place with alms seek, with light and with tithe; and for all those

* It need hardly be said that this story is to be regarded as purely legendary.

whom we ever their alms receiving were during their life and after life: Our Father.

"Pray we for (*here the bede roll was recited*). For Thorferth's soul pray we a *Paternoster*, and for many more souls, and for all the souls that Baptism have undertaken, and in Christ believed, from Adam's day to this day: Our Father."

"Thus," as Father Bridgett justly remarks, "the people were taught that the Church was one from the beginning to the end; that its oneness came from Christ, since to Him the ancients look forward as we look back. They were taught that as Christ is the head and centre of communion for the living and the dead, for all times and all places, so the Bishop of Rome is the head and centre of visible unity on earth." The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was then with our forefathers, as it is with us, the supreme act of worship and religion. It sanctified every solemn occasion, from the cradle to the grave—the consecration of an altar or church, the ordination of the clergy, the nuptial contract, the profession of monk or nun, the passing of an immortal soul from time unto eternity, the laying of a mortal body in its long last home, to await the day of its resurrection. God grant that as we share the ancient Faith, so we may not fall short of the ancient piety in our love and veneration for this adorable sacrifice.

III. The Old Liturgies and Churches.

The subject which is now to occupy our attention is the ancient liturgies and churches of this country. The word liturgy means the public official worship of the Church, especially that which is the corner-stone of the whole sacred edifice of praise and adoration, the Eucharistic Sacrifice. St Paul says: "Let all things be done decently and in order;" and surely, above all things else, the worship of the Divine Majesty. We cannot suppose that the Apostles left so vital a portion of the Church's organization as her public worship to

be determined by the ever-shifting whims and fancies of the world-wide family of which they were the fathers in Christ.

A Vision of Heaven.

"I was in spirit," says St. John, "on the Lord's Day, and I saw seven golden candlesticks and in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks I saw one, clothed with a garment down to the feet, and girt about with a golden girdle. And behold there was a throne set in heaven, and upon the throne one sitting, clothed in white garments; and I saw, on the right hand of Him that sat on the throne, a book written within and without. . . . And in the midst of the throne . . . a lamb standing as it were slain . . . and the four-and-twenty ancients fell down before the Lamb and they sang a new canticle . . . And I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne . . . saying with a loud voice: 'The Lamb that was slain is worthy to receive power, and divinity, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and benediction.' I saw, under the altar, the souls of them that were slain for the Word of God . . . and they cried with a loud voice, saying, 'How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost Thou not judge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?' And another Angel came and stood before the altar, having a golden censer; and there was given to him much incense, that he should offer up of the prayers of all Saints, upon the golden altar, which is before the throne of God; and the smoke of the incense of the prayers of the Saints ascended up before God."

Commenting on these words, Dr. Rock says: "The Apostle gives us a description of an assembly over which presides a venerable Pontiff, seated on a throne and encircled by four-and-twenty ancients or priests. The white robe, the garment reaching to the feet, together with the golden girdle, are enumerated among the sacerdotal vesture; the harps, the canticles, and all the music of the angels' choir are noticed; and of the instruments employed in sacrifice are specifically men-

tioned an altar, golden candlesticks, a golden censer with its fire and smoking incense, and the sealed book. There is present a lamb, standing as it were slain, and by consequence, a victim, to whom Divine honours and supreme adoration are exhibited by every creature 'which is in heaven and on earth.' It is, therefore, a sacrifice at which Christ is present, being, at the same time, both High Priest and immolated Victim. Under the altar are the sainted martyrs, who thence address their supplications to God; and before it stands an Angel offering up the prayers of the Saints, that is, of the Faithful upon earth."

Are we not warranted then, in drawing the inference that "the liturgy or Mass bears deeply impressed upon it the type of Apostolical institution? Such was the conclusion of St. Irenæus, who was taught by the immediate disciples of the Apostles themselves, and who, about the year 167 of the Christian era, upwards of seventeen centuries ago, wrote these words: "Either St. John, in order to shadow forth the glory and splendour of the adoration which all the choirs of angels and the saints are continually exhibiting to God within His sanctuary of heaven, must have used an imagery and language descriptive of the ceremonial practised by the Christians of his time in their assemblies on the Lord's Day, or else the liturgy of the Holy Sacrifice, or Mass, must have been modelled according to the vision of that beloved disciple of our Lord." Such, then, is the true idea of the Divine Liturgy of the Church of God. It is a participation by us sinners in that sublime worship and intercession which is ever going up from our glorified Redeemer, and the angels and saints reigning with Him, to the throne of Divine mercy; it is a beginning here on earth of that adoration and praise which we are destined to continue without end hereafter in heaven.

Growth.

I do not for a moment mean to suggest that the sacred words and ceremonies of the Mass came straight from the hands of the Apostles, such as we have them

in our prayer-books and churches at the present day. They were a growth of centuries, coming down through the ages, adapting themselves to the varying circumstances of time and place, without ever losing that unity in variety which is the essential element of all true beauty. Indeed, it is held on competent authority that written liturgies did not exist for the first four centuries; but that to guard against profanation by the heathen unbelievers the ritual of the sacred mysteries was handed down by word of mouth from generation to generation.

Destruction.

In the year 1571, Grindal, Protestant Archbishop of York, issued the following orders: "That the churchwardens shall see that in their churches and chapels all altars be utterly taken down, and clear removed even unto the foundation, and the place where they stood paved, and the walls whereunto they were joined whited over and made uniform with the rest, so as no breach or rupture appear. And that the altar-stones be broken, defaced, and bestowed to common use. That the churchwardens shall see that antiphoners, Mass books, and all others which serve for the superstitious Latin service, be utterly defaced, rent, and abolished. And that all vestments, albs, tunicles, etc., and all other relics and monuments of superstition and idolatry be utterly defaced, broken, and destroyed."

Common Roman Origin.

What is the history of the rite which, bound up with the holiest feelings and the most sacred memories of our country for more than a thousand years, these zealous Reformers were so eager to destroy? It is believed that when St. Augustine came he found the earlier British Church celebrating the Holy Sacrifice according to a rite probably of Gallic origin. For he asked St. Gregory what rite he was to follow, "because," he said, "the Roman and Gallic rites are not alike." St. Gregory replied that he was to use his own discretion,

that he was free to select from these or other approved "uses" of the Church whatever he judged suitable to the circumstances, and for the glory of God. Naturally, the influence of St. Augustine and his followers led to the general adoption of the Roman liturgy: indeed, the few MSS. of the Anglo-Saxon age which have come down to use are little more than transcriptions of St. Gregory's Sacramentary. More than this, by express legislation it was enjoined that the sacred liturgy of this country should in all things conform to that of the "Mother and Mistress of all Churches." Thus at the Council of Clovesho, A.D. 747, it was decreed that "In one and the same manner the sacred festivals of our Lord's sojourning here on earth shall be celebrated, together with all things purtaining thereto, *i.e.*, in the administration of Baptism, in the celebration of Masses in the manner of singing: viz., in accordance with that pattern which we have in writing from the Roman Church."

Various Uses.

Roman in origin and in substance, the rite of celebrating the Holy Sacrifice, in course of time and in various localities, underwent certain accidental variations, out of which arose what are known as the "uses" of various churches. As a learned writer, the Rev. William Maskell, (then an Anglican) has excellently said in his *Ancient Liturgy of the Church of England:* "According to the various uses of Sarum, York, Bangor, Hereford, and Lincoln (various yet harmonious), the Holy Eucharist was celebrated until the year 1547, the first of King Edward VI. Their origin cannot be attributed to man's ingenuity and learning, or even piety; but they are to be traced through the sacramentaries of Gregory and Gelasius and Leo to the well-spring of all Christian truth, the age of the Apostles."

But were these uses at all like our own, with which we are familiar at the present day? A writer in the *Catholic Dictionary* answers the question in these terms: "The first impression upon a modern Catholic reader

made by the reading of these old English uses will be, we think, one of surprise that he finds himself so much at home in them. They are utterly unlike the 'Communion Service' of the Church now established; while we are convinced that if they were re-introduced among us to-morrow our people would scarcely perceive any difference."

The Pearl of Great Price.

Our Blessed Lord once said to His disciples: "The kingdom of heaven is like to a merchant seeking good pearls, who, when he had found a pearl of great price, sold all that he had and bought it," In the Greek Church each particle of the holy Eucharist is called "a pearl," to signify that the smallest portion of the Blessed Sacrament is a jewel of the greatest price; and such it was esteemed to be by our forefathers of old. They willingly gave their best, not to acquire it, for it had been freely given to them by their bountiful Master, but fittingly to enshrine this priceless treasure. Of what kind was the home which they provided for their Divine guest? With what pomp and ceremonial did they surround the earthly throne of their heavenly King? Along with their faith and their liturgy our forefathers in all likelihood, got from Rome the plan and arrangement of their churches. In St. Clement's and other venerable churches still standing in Rome, we no doubt behold the pattern of their sacred edifices.

"While the Roman basilica," to quote Dr. Rock, "was the type of the Anglo-Saxon minster, the Anglo-Saxon minster, in its turn, became the pattern for the Anglo-Norman cathedral: afterwards arose the pointed, and pushed aside the round style of architecture; but every church built by the English artist, according to the way followed since the latter end of the twelfth century, and to answer the liturgical and never changing wants of the Catholic ritual for the Holy Sacrifice, still shows itself to be the offspring of Rome, bearing about it, strongly marked too, the family likeness, as a true child of its Roman mother, at the same time that it

exhibits a certain individuality and beautiful features of its own."

The Altar.

It need hardly be said that the whole interest and meaning of these sacred edifices centred in the High Altar. Altars were built of stone, and blessed with solemnity, and anointed with holy oil by the Bishop, the relics of Saints being placed beneath. The Norman-English as well as the Anglo-Saxon altars were perfectly unadorned, plain blocks of masonry. They received their adornment from the palls and frontals with which they were shrouded. These frontals were often made of plates of gold and silver, the figures of Christ and the Saints standing out in bold relief from a background sparkling with precious gems. On lower festivals the altar was arrayed in less splendid coverings; but in seasons such as Holy Week, when the Church mourns over the sorrows of her crucified Spouse, the altar threw aside its wonted ornaments, and naked like Christ Himself upon the Cross, presented a touching symbol of Him who, beautiful beyond the sons of men, for our sake fulfilled the words of the Prophet: "There is no beauty in him, nor comeliness; . . . despised, and the most abject of men, a man of sorrows, and acquainted with infirmity." Such was the manner of constructing and adorning altars, which remained in force throughout this country up to the unhappy change in religion.

The Ciborium.

The High Altar was overshadowed by a dome-like canopy, called a ciborium, resting on four columns, about which were hung many precious ornaments, and on great occasions garlands of evergreens and flowers. It seems most likely that the place for keeping the Blessed Sacrament was under the hollow dome of the ciborium, where, enclosed in a pyx of gold or silver fashioned like a dove, and covered with a richly

embroidered veil. It hung by a cord or chain over the altar, surrounded by a crown of ever burning lights. And from this hallowed retreat the Blessed Body of Christ was borne to be the solace and the strength of the sick and dying, not secretly, as now, but openly, and with all the honours of a Royal progress. An early writer, named John Myrc, in the following verses directs priests how to teach their people :—

> Teach them also, I thee pray,
> That when they walken in the way,
> And see the priest again them coming
> God's body with him bearing,
> Then with great devotion
> Teach them there to kneel adown,
> Fair ne foul, spare they not
> To worship Him that all hath wrought;
> For glad may that man be
> That once in the day may Him see.

"We almost ask ourselves," Father Bridgett eloquently exclaims, "as we read these old documents, did these things really take place in England? Were all its country roads and bridle-paths used to carry the King of Kings? Did He once visit, in the Sacrament of His ineffable love, each little cabin in the forest, in the marsh, or in the mountain side? Did the people rest from their labours when the church-bell sounded, and, uncovering their heads and kneeling in the furrow, repeat the words of faith and adoration? Did the children hush their games, and the traffickers suspend their traffic, and the knight rein in his horse and dismount, at the well-known sound of the bell, telling that our Lord, as in days of his earthly life, was going to visit the centurion's servant? Ah! He is still carried through the streets of our busy cities, and even the country lanes receive a rare visit; but His passage is unannounced and unsuspected by the multitudes. 'There hath stood One among them whom they know not.' Surely no Catholic, catching a glimpse from the railway carriage, as he flies through the country, of

many an old Catholic church in its little hamlet of farmhouses, can be so indifferent to what was and what now is, as not to make an act of reparation for the crimes known and unknown which banished our Lord from His ancient homes, so that now once more 'the foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head.'"

The Church the Home of the Poor.

In these days we are apt to point with pride to our enlightenment in having opened our museums and picture galleries to the working classes and the poor. As Father Bridgett has excellently said: "The cathedral and parish churches throughout England in the Middle Ages were the homes and palaces of the poor as much as of the rich. They were museums and galleries of art, as well as temples of Divine worship. . . . The peasantry in the remotest hamlet, while cherishing their own parish church and proud of its silver cross for Good Friday, and its banner for procession days, the gifts of their humble forefathers, could, without travelling beyond their native county, visit the great abbey on a festival day, and gaze freely upon inestimable riches, which bishops, nobles, and monarchs had presented during the course of centuries. Of all these things the bishops or abbots were but the guardians. . . . The poor bondsman possessed them just as much as the clergy or the nobles. It has been well said that throughout the Middle Ages works of art were to the people free as the light of heaven and the loveliness of nature, to declare like them the glory of God, and excite the piety of His people."

Offerings of the Poor.

No doubt, these priceless treasures were commonly the gifts of princes, of bishops, abbots, or noblemen; but there is abundant evidence to show that the working classes and the poor contributed their full share to the beauty of God's house, and to the worship of the

Divine Majesty. Thus one chronicler, after recording the costly gifts of the wealthy to a saint's shrine, adds, "the poor folk gave serges [tapers], torches, and towels." Again, the brethren of the Gild of the Assumption in the Church of St. Martin, Leicester, agreed by a subscription of one penny a week (about 1s. 8d. present money) to purchase a vestment, a chalice, a missal, and other ornaments for their Gild chapel; and it cannot be doubted that each of the ten thousand Gilds throughout the country did in like manner. The wealthy bequeathed large sums of money in their wills to charity and religion; but the poorest did not forget to contribute their mite. Thus in 1559, Robert Carhill, a Yorkshire serving-man, made the following bequests: "I give to the High Altar, in the worship of the Holy Sacrament, 3s. 4d. Item, I will that there be given among my household fellows, to pray for my soul, 10s." "Poor Robert's little bequest," as Father Bridgett pathetically adds, "came too late. Elizabeth was already five months on the throne, and in a few weeks after the date of this will the Blessed Sacrament was removed from the High Altars of all parish churches. But Robert, we hope, had his reward."

IV. Corpus Christi before the Reformation.

The beautiful and joyous Festival of Corpus Christi was first instituted in the middle of the thirteenth century, about 650 years ago. Like the more recent Feast of the Sacred Heart, the Feast of the Blessed Sacrament was the fruit of the life-long prayers of a holy Nun. To Blessed Juliana, a Religious of Liège in Belgium, it was made known, in visions and revelations, that it would be most pleasing to our Lord if a special Festival in honour of the Blessed Sacrament were instituted and kept throughout the Church; and to her was committed the task of bringing about the accomplishment of her Divine Master's desires. After some opposition the Feast was introduced, first of all, into the

Diocese of Liège, then into other parts of the Church; and finally, in the beginning of the next century, was extended by the Council of Vienne, under Pope Clement V., to the whole Church. Pope Urban IV. had previously entrusted to the great St. Thomas Aquinas the duty of composing an Office for the Feast, of which the glorious hymns *Lauda Sion*, *Pange Lingua*, and the familiar *O Salutaris* and *Tantum Ergo* are parts.

Object and Spirit of the Feast.

But what was the object of this new Feast, and what is its spirit? About the middle of the eleventh century the Church had been grieved and scandalized by the first heresy against the Blessed Sacrament. Berengarius, Archdeacon of Angers, had published a work in which he denied the Church's doctrines of Transubstantiation and the Real Presence. This anticipation of the errors of the Protestant Reformers though it nowhere met with any general acceptance, continued to spread the blight of its infection over some of the fairest portions of our Lord's vineyard. And then too, like the Jews of old, many of the people of God began to grow weary of and to loathe their heavenly food, and selfishness, worldliness, and sensuality combined to dishonour the Divine Presence. The solemnities of Corpus Christi, then, were to be a public act of faith as against the spreading heresy, and of reparation for the indifference and impiety with which, alas, too many of the children of Holy Church treated the Divine Sacrament of the Altar.

The spirit in which the devout faithful took part in these sacred ceremonies cannot be better indicated than in the words of Philip Repingdon, Bishop of Lincoln, who, at the beginning of the fifteenth century, wrote thus: "The Son of God having descended from the highest heavens for the redemption of mankind, when about to suffer death for us, and to ascend into Heaven, left us a magnificent memorial of His surpassing love for us, the precious Sacrament of His Body and Blood. From the devout veneration of this Body, until we enjoy its Beatific Vision, we advance in grace and virtue, get

pardon of our sins and help to life eternal. The beloved inhabitants of our city of Lincoln, well knowing these things, and considering the power of this Sacrament to increase devotion and merit, have zealously and fervently kept up a devout custom, that at certain times of the year, viz., on the day of the solemnity of Corpus Christi and the following Sunday, this precious Sacrament is carried in solemn procession, and with a numerous and devout attendance of priests and clerics, from some church in Wykford, in the suburbs of our city, to our Cathedral church, in order that by the frequent sight of this Sacrament the devotion of the people may be increased, and they more easily obtain pardon of their sins."

As regards the date of the introduction into England of the Corpus Christi Feast and procession, Edward II. had been present at the Council of Vienne in 1311, at which, as I have said, the observance of this Feast throughout the Church was decreed; and shortly afterwards we find the Bishop of Winchester commanding it to be kept on the Thursday after Trinity Sunday, and granting indulgences for its devout celebration.

The Procession.

There is abundant evidence to prove that before the Reformation Corpus Christi was kept throughout England with the utmost pomp and solemnity. Ancient records show that it was one of the most popular festivals of the year, and that the procession of the Blessed Sacrament was its characteristic and principal feature. Not the clergy alone, but the whole people took their part in the sacred rites. Every one of the trade gilds —and in those days every trade was a Religious Brotherhood—had its recognized and appointed place in the procession. The members of each gild walked under their own banner, bearing lighted wax torches in their hands. The Sacred Host was borne, not as now in a small monstrance, but in a large and costly shrine, enriched with gold and precious stones; sometimes on the shoulders of four priests, clad in sacred vestments. Beginning at one of the smaller churches in the outskirts

of the town, the procession passed through the principal streets, all the various parishes taking part in it, and finished at the Cathedral or other principal church. The roads along which it wended its way were strewn with fresh rushes, and children scattered flowers and sweet herbs before our Lord, as He passed along. The fronts of the houses were decorated with rich tapestries and other hangings. Eager crowds devoutly gathered from all the country side, lined the route, kneeling in adoration, and singers chanted the appointed canticles and hymns in praise and worship of the Most Holy. After the clergy came the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and other members of the Corporation, in their robes of ceremony; then the numerous crafts, or trade companies, with their processional crosses, their banners and torches, taking their places according to the prescribed order of precedence.

When the Reformation had destroyed the people's faith in the Blessed Sacrament, all this, it is needless to say, was done away with. In the first year of his reign, Edward VI. sent commissioners to deface all such ornaments in the churches as had escaped destruction in a former visitation. The Church of St. Nicholas, Durham, possessed a very beautiful and costly shrine of gold and crystal for the Corpus Christi procession. The King's Commissioner called for this shrine, and when it was brought before him, threw it on the ground, and trampled it under his feet, not forgetting, doubtless, to collect the pieces for the coffers of his Royal master, or his own pockets.

Pageants and Religious Plays.

But men must play as well as pray; and ancient records tell us that, on all great festivals religious plays and pageants were provided for the amusement of the people. As the learned Dr. Rock, a sometime Canon of this Cathedral, has eloquently said: "The processions and other amusements so dear to Englishmen, when their country was Merry England, were meant to be edifying and instructive, and helped religion to make her

children both good and happy, through even their recreations." The learned Canon continues in words which, thanks to the growing influence of Catholic ideas, are less true of the present day than of forty years ago, when they were written: "This present age, with its stepmother's chill heart, dull eye, and hard, iron-like feelings, that sees naught but idleness in a few hours' harmless pause from toil, and knows nothing but unthriftiness in money spent in pious ceremonial, and thinks that the God who sprinkled the blue heaven with silvery stars, strewed the green earth with sweet-breathing flowers of a thousand hues, and taught the birds to make every grove ring with their blithe songs, and told the little brook to run forth with a gladsome ripple, all in worship of Himself, can be best and most honoured by the highest and noblest of His wonderful works, the soul of man, the more gloomy, the more mopish, the sourer it is; such an age will not understand the good which, in a moral and social point of view, was bestowed upon this country by religious pageants, and pious plays, and interludes of a bygone epoch. Through such means, however, not only were the working classes furnished with needful relaxation, but their very merry-makings instructed while they diverted them."

A Sorry Substitute.

It is unquestionable that the people of England were compelled to give up with great reluctance the celebration of the Corpus Christi festival, which they regarded as the great holiday of the year. In the City of York for instance, when after the Reformation the Corpus Christi procession and pageants were gradually discontinued, to allay the growing discontent of the citizens other spectacles and diversions were provided. Amongst the rest, bear-baiting; that is, the setting on of dogs to bite and worry an inoffensive, helpless animal. This cruel sport was authorized by the Lord Mayor and Council, who countenanced it by their presence. Well may the learned Father Bridgett, to whose *History of the Holy Eucharist in Great Britain* I am indebted for much

that I have said—well may he exclaim: "Alas, poor Christian people of York! Surely, if the fantastic tricks of men in power ever made the angels weep, it was when the Sacrament of Love was taken from you, and you were invited to bear-baiting instead."

Long after the Blessed Sacrament had ceased to be borne through the streets, the custom of walking in procession on Corpus Christi Day continued to be observed in various parts of the country. It is on record that the Skinners' Company, which was originally incorporated as the Fraternity of Corpus Christi of Skinners, continued to walk in solemn procession on the Thursday after Trinity Sunday, from their Hall on Dowgate Hill, near where Cannon Street Station now stands, to the Church of St. Antholin, in Watling Street; and, as Father Bridgett remarks, "though they carried nothing, and followed nothing better than themselves, the old honour intended for our Lord was continued, and children strewed herbs before them as they walked, only knowing that this was an ancient custom."

Shadow without Substance.

As with the Blessed Sacrament, so with other things. The people of England have customs and words which have become to them meaningless, because the old Faith of which these words and customs were born, has perished from among them. They speak of Chrismas and Michaelmas, whereas they have no Mass on those or any other days; of Lady Day, whereas they no longer know and love "Our Lady, St. Mary," who gave the day its name. For them Candlemas passes without candles or Mass; Shrovetide without shriving; Ash Wednesday without ashes; Palm Sunday without palms. The substance has gone; the shadow alone remains, as Canon Oakley has beautifully expressed it, in his poem on Corpus Christi:—

Still find we up and down,
In country or in town,
The footprints of our fathers' holier tread;

A relic here and there,
A pageant, or a fair,
And old traditions floating round the dead.

But substance have they none,
For Christ, their Light, is gone;
And they but as the ghosts of blessings bide;
Of inward sense bereft,
The husks alone are left,
No saving import theirs, no heavenward side.

O foolish, foolish World!
How madly hast thou hurled
Thy loving Saviour from His earthly throne;
Hoping to do Him spite!
Whereas thy fatal might
Hath wreaked its vengeance on thyself alone.

Yes, the people of England walk no more with our Lord, because they no longer believe the mystery of His presence in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar. To them it has become no better than "a blasphemous fable and a dangerous deceit." And He sadly turns to us and asks: "Will you also seek your satisfaction in things earthly and base, rather than in the heavenly and soul-ennobling rites which I have given you?" Surely there is no one of us who will not answer, with all the ardour and sincerity of St. Peter: "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life!"

THE

CATHOLIC SICK ROOM

BY

JAMES F. SPLAINE, S.J.

"Is any man sick among you? Let him bring in the priests of the Church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord. And the prayer of faith shall save the sick man; and the Lord shall raise him up: and if he be in sins, they shall be forgiven him."—ST. JAMES v. 14-15.

LONDON

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY

21 WESTMINSTER BRIDGE ROAD

1896

Letter from His Grace the Archbishop of St. Andrew's and Edinburgh.

24th April, 1896.

Dear Father Splaine,

I have read your MS. carefully and I think it will meet a real and great need, and will prove a most useful guide in the important cases of which it treats. I hope in particular that the recommendation given to members of Confraternities, &c., will be taken up and acted upon. Such a service rendered to our B. Lord in the Sacrament of His love, and in the persons of His sick poor, cannot fail to be most pleasing to Him, and a source of many blessings . . . I shall cordially welcome the little book.

Wishing you every blessing,

Yours truly in Christ,

✠ANGUS MACDONALD.

PREFACE.

THIS little work, although it contains some prayers, is not meant to be a prayer-book, nor is it meant to be a treatise on the Sacraments of Holy Communion, Penance, and Extreme Unction, although it may give some instructions about them. It is simply a hand-book for Catholics in charge of the sick, reminding them how and when they ought to send for the priest, how they ought to prepare for his arrival, and how to help the patient, both as to his body and as to his soul.

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The Catholic Sick Room.

I.—SENDING FOR THE PRIEST.

1.—Do not wait till the doctor gives the patient up, so that nothing short of a miracle could save him. Long before that, usually, there is "danger," not perhaps immediate, but still danger, and then the priest ought to be sent for, because one of the prayers used in giving Extreme Unction begs for a perfect restoration of health, physical as well as moral, *of body as well as of soul*, so that the sick man, through God's mercy, *may be able to return to his usual employment.* Not that we need wait even for this remote danger. Sickness often opens the door for grace, and therefore it is advisable to let the priest know as soon as the patient takes to his bed, especially if he be one who has led a careless life. Nor ought we to wait till such a person himself asks for the priest, nor attend to his excuses for putting it off, still less blind him to his danger. People sometimes defer sending for the priest, lest they should alarm the patient. On a

properly instructed Catholic his ministrations, and especially the sacrament of Extreme Unction, as explained above, ought to have the exactly contrary effect.

But, while urging the importance of calling the priest in good time, let it not be thought that, when the sick person has already lost his senses, it is altogether too late, and useless. The Church of Christ, being a loving Mother, has foreseen this unfortunate contingency, and provides for it as far as possible. Therefore send for the priest.

2.—At the same time do not send for him unnecessarily, nor during the night, if it can be avoided. But it will not do to run risks. In sudden and violent attacks of any kind, in typhus and scarlet fever, small-pox, inflammation of the lungs, and other rapid diseases, in which delirium comes on soon, and likewise in serious accidents, no time is to be lost. An ordinary fracture of the leg or arm is not a "serious accident," but a bad fall or a heavy blow very often is.

3.—A doctor who is reluctant to allow the priest to come would seem to have had little experience among Catholics. Those who know us are only too glad to hear that he has been to the sick room, and not unfrequently, though not Catholics, they send for him themselves, because they notice that, whatever may be the explanation of it, after the administration of the rites of the Church there ensues a great calm, and in many cases this is half

the cure. There is not nearly as much chance for a man who is harassed in mind and conscience, as well as in body, as there is for one who is in peace.

4.—Except when it cannot be helped, do not send a mere child, or a non-Catholic, for the priest. Let the messenger be someone who can give an intelligent answer as to the name and address of the sick person, whether or no delirium has already set in, what the nature of the sickness is, when it commenced, whether any priest has been already, and if so whether he administered any of the Sacraments, and, if not, whether the patient can swallow, without vomiting. This is all the more necessary when the priest happens to be out, and the call has to be registered for him. If he is at home, the messenger ought not to run away until he knows whether he is wanted further.

5.—While waiting for the priest, help the patient, *whether a Catholic or not*, to make acts of love of God, and contrition, especially if death or delirium is imminent. Make use, if possible, of prayers that he knows.

THE MISSIONER'S STORY.

Wait for the Priest and show him the way.

The bell rang between five and six on a winter morning. It was a man whose wife was dying. She had been taken suddenly ill, and it was doubtful whether or no I should get there soon

enough to do anything for her. There was no time to go for the Blessed Sacrament. I seized the Holy Oils, and in a few minutes was on my way. It was perfectly dark, so that when I got to the street it was quite impossible to read the numbers on the doors, and the man had run away to call some friends as soon as he had summoned me. Fortunately he had told the servant that the house was opposite the Fire Office, where a lamp was kept burning all night, and, as fortunately, the servant repeated that simple fact to me. On that depended the woman's reception of the Sacraments of Penance and Extreme Unction before she died. A few minutes wasted in looking for the house would have deprived her of this happiness, for, when I reached the bedside, she was so far gone that it was necessary to give absolution at once, and forthwith anoint her, omitting all preliminary prayers. In the middle of the Last Blessing she was still breathing; by the time I had finished she was dead. The lesson to be learnt is, give very accurate directions to the priest, but, better still, in dangerous cases, wait and be his guide.[1]

II.—HOLY COMMUNION OR VIATICUM.

Preliminary Arrangements.

1.—When the Blessed Sacrament is coming to the house, prepare by putting the sick room in

(1). The stories told in these pages are all taken from real life. They are not inventions.

order. If there are other people, besides the sick person, sleeping in it, see that they get up, and that the beds are decently adjusted. Sponge the sick person's face and hands, to refresh him, and, if Extreme Unction is to be administered, see also that the feet are clean, and the stockings removed.

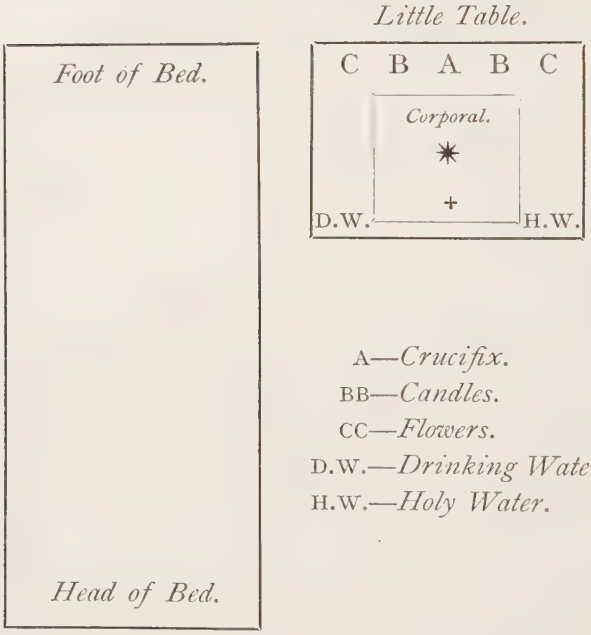
2.—Provide a small table, covered with a clean cloth. Set upon it a Crucifix, with a candle at each side. Also a wine glass, or other small vessel (not a basin, nor a deep tumbler), containing a little clean water,[1] and another vessel with Holy Water. Lay a clean white cloth or napkin on the breast of the communicant.

3.—Place the table towards the foot of the bed, on the patient's right hand, in such a position that it will not be in the priest's way when giving Holy Communion or Extreme Unction, and that the sick person may be able to see our Lord on the Cross.

N.B.—*All these arrangements must be made before the arrival of the priest.*

(1). This water is for the priest to wash from the tips of his fingers any particles of the Blessed Sacrament that may be adhering, after he has given Holy Communion. When he has done so, he gives the water to the communicant to drink. Two tablespoonsful is amply sufficient, but, if it is put into a deep tumbler, he cannot reach it, and to put it in a large basin is absurd. The writer has had a wash-hand basin presented to him for this purpose.

DIAGRAM FOR CATHOLIC SICK ROOM.



A—*Crucifix.*
BB—*Candles.*
CC—*Flowers.*
D.W.—*Drinking Water.*
H.W.—*Holy Water.*

The Arrival of the Priest.

1.—Be on the look out for the approach of the priest, so as not to keep our Lord waiting at the door.

2.—When he comes, receive him in silence, and lead the way to the bedside, carrying in your hand a lighted candle or taper, and with it light the candles on the little table as soon as you enter the room, and do not extinguish your own.

3.—Kneel down at a convenient distance, with your face turned towards the Blessed Sacrament,[2] praying for God's merciful help, and there remain until the priest has finished the *Asperges* and prayer.

Note 1.—*Here, if the sick person wishes to confess, you leave the room, closing the door after you, but keeping within easy call, so that, at a given signal, you may return, and kneel as before.*

4.—The next thing is to say the *Confiteor*, in Latin if you can, but English will do, and after the *Misereatur*, as also after the *Indulgentiam*, say *Amen*, as the servers do just before Holy Communion in Mass.

5.—At the third repetition of the *Domine non sum dignus*, rise and see that the napkin, or Communion cloth, is in its proper place, and, if the room be at all dark, hold your taper so as to throw light on the patient's face, while the priest is giving Holy Communion; after which return again to your former position.

Note 2.—*If you have not got a taper in your hand, take a candle off the table, and restore it to its place before you kneel down again.*

Note 3.—*This is the place for Extreme Unction, if the priest intends to give it at this visit. For the manner of assisting at it see infra, p.* 12.

(2). This is not a useless admonition. Not unfrequently people will turn to chairs, and kneel in front of them, with their backs to the Blessed Sacrament.

6.—When the priest is about to depart, take notice whether he makes the sign of the cross or not over the sick, holding the pyx-burse in his hands, and, if he does, that is a sign that he is still carrying the Blessed Sacrament, and you must escort him to the door, keeping your candle burning. Otherwise you extinguish it as soon as you get out of the sick room, not before, and precede him to the door, which you open for him.

7.—Now return to the room, rinse out the small vessel used in giving Holy Communion, and throw the water on the fire, or in some respectful place. Put out the candles carefully, so as not to make a smell, but leave the Crucifix and the Holy Water. Lastly, if the patient would like it, kneel at the table and say a *few short* prayers with him, such as *short* acts of hope, charity, contrition, and resignation. But beware of wearying the weary. Rather encourage them to sleep after their exertion, and help help them to pray later on when they are refreshed.

8.—Say morning and night prayers, kneeling by the bedside, such as the Our Father, Hail Mary, and short Acts of Faith, Hope, Charity, and Contrition. Once or twice a day you might also read an appropriate prayer, chosen out of the Devotions for the Sick, especially an Act of Resignation, adding invocations of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, the Angel Guardian, Patron Saints, &c., and this even though the patient shows no sign of consciousness. He may be quite alive to

what is going on, though unable to speak or move. But beware of pestering. Father Anderledy used to tell a story of a good priest who, on his death-bed, was ceaselessly plied with this kind of spiritual food by his over-zealous confessor till, at last, the dying man mustered all his strength into his lips, and said: "Are you nearly done? Will you never cease bothering?" Let us remember that a man, just before leaving this life, may easily want a little private talk, so to speak, with our Lord, and we must not deprive him of the opportunity by telling him what *we* would say. When the agony begins let the departing soul be comforted by the voices of friends interceding for it with God.

OBSERVATIONS.

1.—There may be more candles than two, but, if possible, there ought not to be less.

2.—Flowers may also be added, but, as they are meant for our Lord, they ought not to be faded, and care must be taken not to crowd the table, but to leave plenty of room in front of the Crucifix to spread the corporal, or linen cloth, which the priest always brings with him.

3.—Sometimes the clean water is supplied in a small jug, which is all right, provided the wine glass or other small vessel is provided too.

4.—For Holy Water little vials are sold, with perforated stoppers, through which the Water may be sprinkled. But it is sufficient if the Holy Water

is placed in a small open vessel of any kind, and a sprig of some small-leaved plant, or a stiff feather, may be left in it, to be used as an asperges brush.

5.—If there is no small table to be had, at least clear some part of a larger one, removing all medicine bottles and so forth, and make it as decent as possible.

6.—In large houses, where it can be conveniently done, the various members of the household are sometimes arranged at distances along the passages, and up the stairs, kneeling with lighted candles in their hands, to receive the Blessed Sacrament, and each one, as the priest passes, rises and follows him, some few entering the room, and the rest staying outside the door, all on their knees; and so they remain until the priest is about to depart, when they observe Rule 6, given above, p. 8, keeping their lights burning till the Blessed Sacrament has left the house. If, however, the priest does not give the blessing with the veiled pyx, make way for him to leave the room, one person accompanying him to the door, and in the meantime the candles are collected and carried away, to be extinguished where the smell cannot reach the patient.

7.—This ceremony cannot always be carried out fully, nor is it necessary; but, at any rate, the priest ought never to be left to shift for himself. Somebody ought always to be in attendance, as

there is no knowing what help he may want when engaged about the sick.

8.—The majority, even of Catholics, never realise the difficulties that face the priest in taking Holy Communion to the very poor. We do not mention it as a reproach to the poor, for things that seem to you so easy and so common are very different to those who are born and bred in squalid misery. They are improvident, it is true, but then, what have they got to be provident about? They do not possess anything to provide. How can they prepare a small table, and a clean cloth, and candles, and a Crucifix, when they possess nothing of the kind? The writer has, before now, had to make shift with his own hat, set upon the floor, as the only available place to rest the pyx. This is not, we may hope, a common occurrence, but common it is to have no Crucifix, unless the priest takes one with him, no clean vessel to hold water, and only one bit of candle, held perhaps in a bottle neck, or made to stand in a jar, or stuck to the table by melting it at the lower end. To remedy this state of things, charitable people sometimes provide themselves with a case containing all necessaries (Crucifix, two small candlesticks and candles, pair of small flower vases, asperges brush, bottle of Holy Water, small open vessel to pour it into, vial to contain two or three tablespoonfuls of water, wine glass, or a very small tumbler, for the ablutions, a little white table cloth, and a white

napkin, or Communion cloth), which they lend to anybody who is willing to carry it to the sick room, and lay the things out, when our Lord is expected in the houses of the very poor. The case need not be larger than a lady's reticule.

This is a duty of love, worthy of the Confraternity of the Sacred Heart, the Children of Mary, or the Brothers of St. Vincent de Paul. It is a wonder that of the many devout Confraternities that exist among us, so few have yet taken it up. Where the Confraternity of the Most Blessed Sacrament is established, this work ought to be considered one of its special privileges.

III.—EXTREME UNCTION.

Note 1.—*This Sacrament is usually given immediately after Holy Communion, or Viaticum, and then the preliminary arrangements given above, p. 4, will suffice for both.*

Note 2.—*The precise point at which the Extreme Unction begins is indicated in Note 3, p. 7. You may observe the priest producing a very small silver box, containing the Holy Oil, and some white cotton-wool. If the room is at all dark, provide also at least one candle. If, however, Extreme Unction is not administered just after Holy Communion, but at some other time, and by itself, the preparation will be as follows:*

1.—Provide a small table, or some part of a large table, with a clean cloth of any colour; set upon it a Crucifix and a vessel of Holy Water; see

that any head-dress that may be worn by the patient is so arranged that it may be easily removed from the ears; take care that the feet are clean, and the stockings off.

2.—You meet the priest at the door, without lights, and conduct him to the sick-chamber.

3.—Arrived in the room, kneel in a convenient place, with your face towards the Crucifix, while the *Asperges* is being given. When the priest pronounces the word *Confitcor*, you continue it either in Latin or in English, and after the *Misereatur*, and also after the *Indulgentiam*, answer *Amen*.

4.—The priest will then make the sign of the Cross over the sick person three times, saying the words: *In nomine Patris*, ✠ *et Filii*, ✠ *et Spiritus Sancti*, ✠ and, presently afterwards, he will take the oil stock and some cotton-wool off the table.

5.—While he is doing that, you rise, go to the head of the bed, and, if necessary, carry with you a candle off the table, so that the priest may see what he is doing, and, as soon as he has anointed the eyes, assist him by uncovering first one ear, and then the other, at the same time turning the head a little to either side, so that he may reach the organ conveniently.

6.—After he has anointed the lips, uncover first one hand, and then the other, and (except in the case of priests, who are anointed on the backs of the hands), present to him the open palm.

7.—Lastly, uncover the feet sufficiently for him to get at the instep, not at the sole, and then cover up both feet and hands, adjust the head-dress, and kneel as before, while the concluding prayers are being said.

8.—If the priest now prepares to leave the house, you lead the way and open the door for him. But he may think it advisable to give the Last Blessing at once. For this see infra. Sec. IV.

OBSERVATIONS.

1.—The ceremonies described under numbers 1—7, pp. 6—8, and number 6, p. 10, are, of course, omitted when Extreme Unction is given by itself, but Christian charity and natural affection alike suggest that all the family or household should be ready, when the priest reaches the sick room, to follow him in, without lights, and kneel round the bed, praying for the sick person. There they should remain until the priest leaves. But in all this remember that it is most injurious to the patient to overcrowd the sick room, especially when lights are carried, and, of course, when the sickness is infectious, nobody ought to be allowed near such a place, except for duty.

2.—On Candlemas Day, every Catholic who can afford it ought to provide himself with one or two blessed wax candles, to be used on occasions like the above.

IV.—THE LAST BLESSING.

This ceremony often follows immediately after Extreme Unction, and then no additional preparation is necessary. If it is given by itself, nothing is necessary except the Holy Water and a Crucifix, which last can be hung on the rail at the foot of the bed, or, better still, placed in the hands of the dying man.

But, in all cases, remind the sick person beforehand that he must, in words, or at least in his heart, while the Blessing is being given, call upon Jesus to have mercy on him. And, if there is danger of delirium coming on, get him to make the ejaculation, with this intention, while still in his senses, for this is a necessary condition, when possible, for gaining the Indulgence. He ought also to resign himself to God's will, and accept his sickness from His hands, saying the words: *Thy will be done.*

Be ready to say the *Confiteor*, in Latin or in English, if the priest tells you, and answer *Amen* after the *Misereatur*, and after the *Indulgentiam.*

The Blessing over, you precede the priest to the door, and open it for him.

THE CHAPLAIN'S STORY.

"Take the ball while it hops."

It was a Saturday afternoon. I had come up from the little Mission at Avocat, on the Shanty-mee river, and had reached Woodcutter's Gap,

just above the Cantonments, in the Port Royal Mountains, when I bethought me of a bit of harness that I had sent, a week or two before, to the armoury for repairs, so I gave my horse to one of the men, and strolled in that direction. The harness was ready, and the smith called a bellows-blower to carry it to my hut. As we walked along the pass, he kept respectfully in the rear, until I called to him to come and walk beside me. "Now, my man," said I, "you make your appearance on Sundays at Mass, of course; you can't well help that, because you must appear at church parade; but I never see you at Holy Communion." "No, sir." "Well, now, how long is it since you were at your duties?" "Long time, sir." "Yes, but how long? Is it twenty years?" A pause, during which he was evidently doing a sum in his head. At last he replied: "It's about nineteen years ago, sir." "Then I was not so much out, was I? And don't you think it is about time to go again? "Yes, sir, it is." "So when will you go? You know there are confessions to-night, after mess. Will you come then?" "Yes, sir." While I was ruminating on the value of that promise we reached my hut, and the result of my study was that, as soon as he had laid down his load, and was turning to go away, I stopped him and said: "Now, my man, are you in earnest about making everything right this evening? You really mean to come?" "Oh, yes, sir." "Very well, then, an

hour or two sooner or later makes little difference, so you might as well do it at once. Kneel down." Down he went, quite willingly, and, with a little help, had soon finished his story, and received absolution, with abundant signs of sorrow.

The next morning, when he came to the altar rails, I could see a tear glistening in his eye. He was one of those careless, kind-hearted fellows, ready to do a good turn for anybody but himself, and he seemed to have gone on neglecting his soul, year after year, only because no one had ever asked him to look after it.

On the Monday I was off again down the country, towards Anatto Bay, but I was overtaken by a black pioneer, who brought me a hospital report of the death of my penitent, and an order for me to return at once to bury him. Wonderful are the ways of God, thought I to myself. What to us appear mere accidents, look, when better understood, more like the workings of His providence. It was an accident that I should have gone to the armoury, an accident that this poor fellow, instead of another, should have been sent with me to my hut, an accident that the thought of questioning him on the road occurred to me, and, above all, an accident that I should have pinned him so promptly. Had any one of this string of accidents failed to happen, how different might this death have been!

The rest is soon told. An officer was going round inspecting barracks. Being at a height of

between five and six thousand feet above the sea, we had glass windows instead of jealousies, and, as those in one of the rooms were not clean, the officer threatened to confine some of the men to barracks if he found them in the same state next time. This was overheard by the man I had come to bury, and who was then lying on his bed, unwell. It was not his fault that the windows were dirty, but as soon as inspection was over, impelled by a spirit of good-fellowship, which had always made him a favourite among his comrades, he arose, took a duster, mounted a stool in front of the window, raised his hand, and, in the midst of his charity, fell back dead. Except that he had joined the regiment in London, nothing was known of his antecedents, and his "little book" contained no address to any of his friends. But he had saved about nine pounds. Out of this he was provided with a better coffin than soldiers usually have, and a small marble cross was set up at the head of his grave. It bore a glorious old Irish name—Galvin de Courcy. Fortune had not smiled on him in life, but, in his happy death, he could afford to smile at Fortune.

MORAL.

"Take the ball while it hops." Do not seek your own greater convenience when you are offered a grace, but accept it at once. What seems to you a mere chance hint to put your house in order may be in reality a notice from God that He is coming

soon to search it with lamps, and that He wishes to make you a last offer of salvation. There are strong contrasts sometimes. I well remember another man coming into hospital in high fever, and evidently very ill. He, too, had been for years a stray sheep. To my request that he would make his confession he gave the usual excuses—he would like to prepare better, he wanted more time, and his head was too bad, and he couldn't. The second day I saw him again, and again he refused. He was too weak. He would do it some other time. My attentions seemed only to irritate him. On the third day, when I went in, his bed was empty, and his body had been removed to the dead-house. Poor fellow! The Lord have mercy on his soul.

V.—NEWLY-BORN INFANTS.

If a child at its birth seems to be already in danger of death, send without delay for a priest. In the meantime, be on the watch, and if you think it is actually dying, take some water, cold or warm, and, *while pouring* a few spoonfuls on its head, say the words: *I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.*

This is sufficient, but it is more correct to pour the water in the shape of a cross three times, at the words *Father, Son, Holy Ghost.*

As this is a very important matter, every Catholic, especially every Catholic woman, ought

to learn, from some qualified person, how to do it properly.[1]

In cases of miscarriage, even in the early stages of conception, Baptism ought to be conferred by the nurse, if neither a priest nor a Catholic doctor is at hand. When it is doubtful whether the subject is alive or not, make a reservation in your own mind to the effect that you have no intention of baptizing anything but a living human being.

Here we make a serious protest against delaying Baptism, no matter how healthy the child may be. Some people think nothing of putting it off for a week or a fortnight. It ought not to be put off a single day. Babies are flimsy things, and the first care of a mother or father should be to secure for it eternal life in heaven. If the god-parents live at a distance, or cannot come at once, never mind, get a proxy.

VI.—THE CHAMBER OF DEATH.

1.—When the body is laid out, place the Crucifix on the breast, and set one or two candles burning at each side of the coffin. The Holy Water ought to be at hand, so that friends coming in may sprinkle the corpse, and then kneel down to say a prayer for the departed soul. The custom of laying on the body plates containing salt, tobacco, and pipes, is, perhaps, a relic of Paganism.

(1). Those who have had experience in teaching children will understand that, to teach them to baptize properly, the best plan is to practise them on a lay figure.

In country districts, where communication is difficult, and people have to travel long distances, sometimes on foot, to be present at a funeral, and there is little accommodation in the house, it is necessary for them to sit up all night, and they must be provided with refreshments. But this necessity seldom arises now-a-days amongst us. Friends can easily assemble on the very day of the funeral, and there is no excuse for spending the night, still less several nights, crowded together, eating, drinking, and smoking, in presence of the corpse. Not to mention the danger to health arising from such a practice, it is, in itself, opposed to all Christian feeling, and it often ends in horrible orgies.

VII.—AT THE GRAVE.

The priest's place is at the foot of the grave, therefore leave that end clear for him and his servers. Do not rudely mount on to the boards in front of him. When the service is ended he will throw a little earth upon the coffin. If you happen to be near him, hand him the earth, so that he may not have to stoop, at the risk of soiling his vestments, and after he has thrown some, do the same yourself, but not before him.

VIII.—DRINKING AT FUNERALS.

This is the proper place to mention a matter which, though not, perhaps, of every day occurrence, is yet, alas, too common to be passed

over in absolute silence. There is a class of "mourners" for whom the dangerous time begins now in earnest. They cannot wait even till they reach home. The coach must pull up at the public-house, the "Cemetery Arms[1]!" close to the grave-yard gate. Far into the night the debauch is afterwards continued, in the house from which the dead body has just been carried, in the very room that still smells of the coffin—a hideous scene, the devil's holiday. Sometimes it is prolonged for several days and nights, as long, indeed, as the "club money" lasts, and you may hear children boasting to each other of the gallons of beer and bottles of whiskey that were drunk when their father was buried. Do not suppose this is exaggeration; *it is from life*, and we could enlarge on the subject, but the ghastly details of what we have seen, or known of, at wakes and funerals are too shocking, too revolting, too sickening, to be printed. What must be the thoughts of the departed soul, fresh from the Judgment Seat, and plunged in the flames of Purgatory, as the weary days pass painfully on, and it realises that it is forgotten by its friends on earth already, and that, instead of trying to temper for it that awful fire by a prayer, or an alms, or a Holy Communion, or a Mass, they are outraging the image of God in themselves by spending what may be called blood-

(1). This name is not an invention of the writer's. A public-house, so-called, really exists at the gate of a cemetery.

money, money paid for his victim by Death, in excesses, to call which brutish would be a libel on the brute creation.

Who will have the courage to help, by their example, to put an end to this shameful sin? Who will lend a hand to deliver the world from this disgrace, and human nature from this degradation, by refusing absolutely to bring intoxicating drinks, in short, to bring the devil, into their houses at these times of bereavement and sorrow?

IX.—THE USE OF WREATHS AT FUNERALS.

In some countries it is the custom to bury with the dead the bows and arrows they used while on earth, with some food for the journey they are supposed to have begun. The corresponding practice among us is to load the hearse and coffin with flower wreaths, some of which are lowered into the grave, to be presently covered up by the grave-digger's spade, while others are left to rot outside on top. The custom is of modern growth, and not a Catholic one. It is a very good thing for nurserymen. It is a thing easy to understand in the case of those who sit in darkness, and whose ideas of the future world are of the vaguest; but how it can give consolation to survivors, living in the light of Christianity, it is difficult to imagine, especially when one considers that these wreaths cost much money, which, if given in charity, would

purchase for the Dead the prayers and the blessings of the grateful poor of Christ.

X.—ABOUT HELPING A NON-CATHOLIC IN DANGER OF DEATH.

PRELIMINARY.

Even well instructed Catholics are sometimes apt to imagine, or to take for granted, that they can do nothing for the soul of a dying person who is not a Catholic. This is a very serious mistake. Let us suppose what we may hope is almost an impossibility, namely, that a man, dying in full possession of his senses, absolutely refuses to turn to God. Of course, to him we can bring no help. He chooses to damn himself, and deliberately goes down to hell. But, short of this hardly conceivable wickedness, however bad a man may have been, however desperate his case may seem to be, we must not look upon it as absolutely hopeless. On the one hand, men who have been rebels against God all their lives often surrender at the approach of death, and, on the other, St. Paul writes to St. Timothy that God our Saviour *will have all men to be saved.* I. Timothy, ii. 4. Putting these two truths together, we see that, except in the case supposed above, there is always at least some little room for hope, and although, by the time the sinner's heart has begun to soften, he may be so far gone as to be incapable of giving any external sign of sorrow, yet we have no right

to take upon ourselves to pronounce him reprobate. To us his heart is unknown. Only God can read it. Therefore, as we are bound in charity to restore breathing, if possible, to the suicide's helpless body rescued from the water, so, only much more, are we bound, while there is a glimpse of hope, to do our best to bring back life to the perishing soul. *Multo satius est nolenti dare quam volenti negare, ubi velit an nolit jam non apparet*, said Saints Antoninus and Augustin, quoted by St. Alphonsus Liguori. "It is far better to give a Sacrament accidentally to one who is unwilling to receive, than to run a risk of refusing it to one who wishes for it."

THE PARISH PRIEST'S STORY.

The Cheerlessness of Protestantism.

One of the most striking features of Protestantism, especially where Calvin has had a finger in it, is its cheerlessness and gloom. Cheerless it is always, but its gloom in the sick chamber is appalling. The clergyman may make a friendly call and "pray with" the sick man lugubriously, or the tract-distributor may sit by his bedside whispering dismal platitudes, but as for his "Church," she knows nothing of Penance, or Extreme Unction, as Sacraments, so that, in the time of his greatest need, she has no special help to give him. Hence Protestant doctors do not hesitate to leave orders that *nobody* is to be

admitted to see the patient—he is not to be *disturbed.* They know that Catholics want to see the priest before dying, but they have got the idea that his arrival is an immediate preliminary to death, and that it is so regarded by us. Consequently they try to put his visit off till they hear the death rattle, and it is too late for him "*to do any harm.*" Here is a hint for their guidance: To *calm* the Catholic patient send for the priest soon; to *disturb* him, and so lessen his chance of recovery, shut the priest out. With their own people it is different. To admit *nobody* seems quite natural, both to the patient and to his family. Hence we are not surprised to read in a Protestant paper, *The Medical Press and Circular*, this manifesto: "For our own part, we have no hesitation in saying that we think it inadvisable that ministers of any persuasion whatever should be allowed to visit patients suffering from small-pox and other infectious disorders, whether in or out of hospital." It is obvious that either these gentlemen consider the soul of no importance, or they do not believe that their Church can do anything particular for the dying. A small-pox hospital is a depressing abode at best, but a small-pox hospital conducted on these principles would be, for many, a hopeless Hinnom.

Thoughts like these came before me very forcibly at the death-bed of an Anglican clergyman. He had long been ailing, and at last he fell into what

seemed to be a state of unconsciousness. One of the family, who was a Catholic, sent for me. I found the wife and two grown up daughters standing round the bed. They looked askance at me. The Catholic assured me that her father had wished to die a Catholic. The others angrily denied it. There were many Protestant clergymen in the immediate neighbourhood, but this family, which, from its being that of a clergyman, may fairly be supposed to have known what was the proper thing to do, had not sent, nor did it intend to send, for any of them. At last the wife agreed that I might "pray with" the dying man. Hereupon one of the daughters, in her antipathy to priests, and her desire to thwart me, unconsciously let out why they had not called a parson. "Do you really think," she asked, "that you can do any good now, seeing that my father is quite unconscious?" This explained everything. They had not sent to their own Church for help because it had none to give. Nothing could be done now. The patient must die as he was, in the gloom of Protestantism.

This same young lady had all along ostentatiously displayed her hostility, so I turned to her and said: "Even if it be true, as you say, that your father is quite unconscious—and that is a thing we cannot know—yet that is not an insuperable difficulty, because the prayers I am going to say will be addressed, not to him, but to God."

This reply kept her pretty quiet during the rest of the time, and, as I knew the patient had already been privately baptized, I was able at least to give him conditional absolution before he died.

Of course, this impotence on the part of the Protestant Church is all the more terrible when the patient has led a wicked life.

Compare the tone of the above young lady's mind with that of a poor woman brought up in the cheerful atmosphere of the true Church, as illustrated in the following story :

Widow Gaffney succeeded in keeping herself honestly and respectably on what she earned by office cleaning, and watching sick people at night. She lived in a diminutive triangular room, opening directly into the lane, with a tiny staircase in one corner, leading up to a similar room overhead, which was occupied by a lodger, a good, quiet girl, who worked in the town. One morning after Mass she came into the sacristy and said: "Father, would it be any harm to pray for Henry the Eighth?" "No, my child. He was a very bad man, but that is no reason for not praying for him." "Well, and could your Reverence say a Mass for him?" Oh, yes, only it would hardly do to read his name out among the rest." "Ah, then," said she, as she put the stipend in my hand, "I wish you would, for I have been thinking maybe the poor fellow has nobody to help him."

Widow Gaffney was an Irishwoman, and therefore not likely to have much natural sympathy with Henry the Eighth. He had not only become unconscious, but he had died ages ago. But who could tell? Bad as he was, might he not, even in the throes of death, have repented, and been saved at any rate from hell. Had not Jesus said: "Come to me ALL you that labour and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you." "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." The Saviour set no limits to the sinner's hopes, and she would set none. Such is the Catholic's hope in the mercy of Jesus. *Non extinguetur in nocte lucerna ejus:* Her lamp shall not be put out in the night. (Proverbs xxxi. 18).

METHOD OF HELPING NON-CATHOLICS.

1.—Remember that the hour of death is not the time, nor is a death-bed the place, for controversy. When a man is preparing to leave this world it is too late to set before him proofs, arguments, and refutations. Leave them all out. We suppose he believes in God. Start with that.

2.—Speak to him of God's mercy. Kindle a little flame of hope by putting before him the pictures Christ has drawn of Himself, a loving father going out on the road to meet his repentant son, or the Good Shepherd, leaving the rest of his flock while he went in search of the one that was lost. The sheep that had strayed was in danger of

being devoured by the lion of the wilderness. The prodigal had so wasted his substance that he had to eat the food of swine to keep himself from starving. But what was the danger from lions, or the taste of bad food, compared to the punishments awaiting the dying sinner? Then would not the same merciful Jesus that helped them help him? Let us turn to Him and pray. Read slowly Psalm cii.

When the dying man has come to this he is in a state of *attrition*, or sorrow for sin on account of the chastisements it entails. He is sufficiently advanced now for Baptism, but of that we shall speak later. For the present let us go on with what we were saying.

The hope that leads the dying man to pray implies a belief that Jesus loves Him. But, love begets love, and so, in the heart of the repentant sinner, a true charity begins to appear, like a reflection, or an echo, of the charity that is in God, and sins of the past become hateful to him now, not so much from fear of hell as from sorrow at having, so far as in him lay, injured so true a Friend. Thus *attrition* becomes *contrition*, and imperfect sorrow is made perfect.

3.—If at any time, either during or after your charitable work, he should discover signs of willingness to receive the ministrations of a priest, of course send for one without delay. But if there is no chance of that, feel your way with him.

Pray with him that God would grant him all the help He has provided, in this world, for man in his last extremity, and not allow death to come for him until he has done *whatever is necessary to prepare him for his last journey.*

At this point it is well to reflect on something that occasionally may take place in another sphere of action. I mean in the cure of the body.

A doctor who has been told by a patient to do *whatever is necessary* to effect a cure, does not consider himself bound to consult him afterwards every time he exhibits a new medicine. He goes straight ahead, doing what he knows is best, and asking no questions. The sick person has not declared explicitly his willingness with regard to each particular medicine, but his words, *do whatever is necessary*, are fairly *interpreted* to include that willingness, and the doctor might rightly, if it were necessary, administer a drug which he was sure the patient, were he told of it, would certainly refuse; because he would fairly interpret that refusal to mean, not a withdrawal of his first instructions to do *whatever was necessary*, but only his impression that the particular drug in question was *not necessary*. His impression is wrong. Therefore the doctor disregards it. He says to himself: "The man does not know what he is talking about, or else he would sing a different song. Say what he will, he really wishes me to give him the very thing he is refusing." Therefore

he prescribes the objectionable drug, and the patient himself, when restored by it to health, if a reasonable being, would readily endorse his action as being quite in accordance with his own real wishes, and acknowledge that any protest he might have made would have been simply a mistake. The fact is, he had what theologians call *an interpretative will* to receive the medicine, which, had he been consulted about it, he would have absolutely refused. What the prudent doctor does for the ailing body, we must do for the sick soul.

Carrying this thought with us, let us return now to where we left our dying man, and see how this illustration applies to him. He, like the sick man with the doctor, has been begging God to give him *whatever is necessary*. He wants to have all the help God has provided in this world for men in his position. Yet, if he were asked about this or that Sacrament, old prejudices might assert themselves, and drive him to refuse them, not that he withdrew his prayer for what was necessary, but that he thought those Sacraments were unnecessary. Therefore, take a leaf out of the doctor's book, and go on without consulting the patient. He has at least attrition, and he desires *whatever is necessary* to save his soul. Therefore, as we saw under No. 2, he is sufficiently advanced for Baptism, and, in the absence of a priest, you must confer it upon him if you can. You might say in reply: "But

his friends, if they heard of it, would be annoyed." Yes, there are some such extravagant people, and if they choose they can hinder you. But the sick man is supposed to be leaving this world. Whither is he bound? If to a better, your Baptism, even supposing it to be unnecessary, cannot stop him. But supposing the Sacrament was necessary, then, whatever others may say or think, he at any rate, if you give it, will, after death, be grateful to you for ever.

All this would apply to a mere Pagan, who had only some general and vague idea of a Supreme Ruler, the Rewarder of good, and the Avenger of evil. But, in a Christian land like ours, it must be rarely indeed that a man is met with who never in his life had a desire of salvation, and an implied desire of the necessary means, accompanied by a feeling of regret for sin. And if this happened to him ever, then, more than ever, it would happen to him in presence of death, no matter how great a sinner he might have been; and Divine mercy will go out to meet the prodigal, nor may we allow our restricted views to set bounds or barriers to the wide stretching charity of God. The man may seem to be unconscious, but he may simply be unable to reveal what is passing in his heart. Follow the advice of the saints. Give him the benefit of the doubt. It is better that the Sacrament should be abortive through his fault than that he should miss eternal life through yours.

4.—If the person has certainly never been baptized, you baptize him as described above for infants. If there is any doubt about it, you merely prefix to the form the words, *If thou art not baptized*, or make a mental reservation to that effect, because Baptism cannot be conferred twice. There are exceptions, but the rule is to re-baptize everybody, either absolutely or conditionally, when receiving them into the Church.

5.—And what if, after doing your best, you are prevented from baptizing him? Well, after all, it is only a matter of a spoonful of water, but if you can find no opportunity of pouring it, then what we said at the end of No. 2, about contrition, or perfect sorrow, becomes all the more important. Do not fatigue the sufferer, but say, by his side, short Acts of Contrition for having offended so good a God, and in God's hands so leave him.

Note 1.—As Baptism conferred under the circumstances detailed under No. 4 would usually be of doubtful validity, it would have to be repeated conditionally if the person recovered, and was then willing to be baptized.

Note 2.—It is to be understood that Mass may be offered up for non-Catholics, living or dead. This is an answer to the calumny that Catholics think everybody will be damned except themselves.

XI.—PRACTICAL INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE SICK ROOM.

1.—Do not go into the sick room fasting, nor exhausted. If there is any draught, or movement of the air in the room, take, if possible, such a position that it shall be from you towards the patient, not from the patient towards you. Breathe rather through the nostrils than through the mouth. If death is not imminent, and there is any time to spare, try first to give the patient some ease of body. That will help him to pray.

2.—Request all visitors to withdraw. As a rule, it is but ill-judged civility on the part of inquirers to keep the bell and knocker going at a sick house, or to ask to see the patient. Let in some fresh air. This is most important. A simple way of ventilating a room is to raise the lower sash a few inches and stop the opening along the bottom with a bit of board, cut to fit. The air will then come in along the top, without causing any perceptible draught. The bed ought to be placed so that you can get to either side of it, and that no light, either from the windows, or the gas, or fire shall fall directly on the patient's eyes. Keep the fire lit for ventilation. Arrange the pillows and bed clothes. The room ought to be kept at a temperature of about 60° F., night and day. If the head is feverish, take a strip of lint, or calico, steep it in vinegar and water, or diluted Eau-de-Cologne or

Florida water, and lay it across the forehead, temples, ears, and eyelids, taking care it does not run into the eyes.

3.—Remove unnecessary furniture out of the room, curtains from bed, windows, &c., and carpets from the floor. Slops and excrements ought to be covered with a cloth, damped with some disinfectant, and carried without delay to the w.c., there emptied, the pans well washed, the window left open, and the door shut. This rule is specially, but not exclusively, applicable to infectious cases.

4.—If the patient be very heavy, and it is necessary to move him, pass a strong towel, or a sheet doubled lengthwise, under his body, and let two persons catch hold, one at each side of the bed, and lift or roll him along. If you are alone, stand on the bed, with a foot on each side of the patient, and seize both ends of the towel in your hands.

5.—Medicines should not be kept in the sick room, still less food, drinks, and fruit. Bring in such things fresh from time to time, tempting the sick person. If they are for ever before his eyes he grows sick of the sight of them. Do not ask him what he would like, but use your own judgment, and take him by surprise with something very clean and appetising, and only a little at a time, If he asks for some particular food, consult the doctor, and, if he approves of it, give it but in small portions, so as not to disgust. Make as much

variety as you can with your restricted bill of fare, and never prepare food in the sick room. On no account allow anybody to bring eatables or drinkables to the patient without the doctor's leave. Sometimes even a few grapes would be sufficient, *e.g.*, when recovering from typhoid fever, to make recovery hopeless.

6.—Avoid noise, *e.g.*, the clatter of crockery-ware, poking the fire, digging into the coals with a shovel, throwing them on from a coal scuttle, instead of laying them on with the fingers or a pair of tongs. Even a cinder falling on the fender is often torture to the sick. Use a stick instead of an iron poker. Creaky boots are an abomination. Do not whisper. Talk quietly, cheerfully, and distinctly, so that the patient may hear if he likes. If you wish to say anything which he ought not to hear, take an opportunity of doing so when you are out of the room, but do not leave the room making mysterious nods and winks to each other. All this sort of work is distressing to the patient. One thing not to be spoken about in his presence is his ailments. Try to read his wants in his slightest sign. Turn down the gas, and use only one burner. Burning gas poisons the air. Remove clocks that strike or tick loudly.

7.—Infectious cases ought to be removed to the top storey, so that the heated air, in rising, may not pass through the other rooms in the house. Hang against the door of the room a cloth, kept

moist with a disinfectant. All clothes, bed linen, towels, &c., used about the patient must be washed by themselves in the house, not with other clothes, nor at a public laundry, and the water must be carefully emptied into the w.c., and the vessels scoured. Carbolic acid is a good disinfectant, so is Sanitas. But the most effective, in the hands of non-professional people, is soap and water. When a room has been used for an infectious case, the paper ought to be stripped off, and all paint-work well washed.

8.—A simple application to prevent bed-sores is made by mixing together the white of an egg and a tablespoonful of whiskey. But this must not be used when the skin is cracked. In this case lay a piece of lint smeared with vaseline over the wound, and strap it on with strips of sticking plaster laid right across. Air beds and water beds are very good for the same purpose, but take care not to prick them. Report the matter to the doctor without delay.

9.—Give no medicine except what is ordered by the doctor. Give it punctually at the time prescribed. Do not put liniments, which may be poisonous, among medicines. Keep them quite apart.

10.—If it be necessary to remove the patient to an hospital or infirmary, see that the priest is informed *immediately*, so that he may administer the Sacraments beforehand.

11.—It will of course be understood that we do not mean to detract in the least from the value of good medical advice; it is always useful, and sometimes indispensable. But ultimately the cure depends, humanly speaking, on the nurse. Advice is no good if it is not carried out intelligently and carefully. Get a good experienced nurse.

12.—Urge everybody, who has anything to leave, to make his will carefully, and sign it, unless he has already done so. No end of quarrels and family feuds would be prevented if this important duty were always attended to. It is easy enough to change it afterwards, if the testator survives, and wishes to do so. In leaving money for charitable purposes, let him beware of the law of *mortmain*, or else his intentions may be entirely frustrated. On this point he ought to consult some experienced *Catholic* lawyer.

13.—Remind him also to pay off all his debts.

NOTE.

In hospitals, Protestants, chiefly ladies, are very diligent in distributing tracts. Catholics often find fault with this. It would be more to the point if they themselves would do the same. In most places they can easily obtain admission, and plenty of tracts can be had from the Catholic Truth Society. It is rather hard to grumble at others while doing nothing ourselves. Convalescents, and patients in the surgical wards, are

delighted to have something in the way of a story to while away the time, and, when they can get no Catholic literature, they are sorely tempted to take up books and periodicals in which anti-Catholic principles are insidiously conveyed, under an artless and inoffensive exterior.

XII.—SHORT ACTS OF FAITH, HOPE, CHARITY, AND CONTRITION.

TO BE READ FOR THE SICK PERSON SLOWLY.

An Act of Faith.

I believe in God. I believe that in God there are three Persons, and that Jesus Christ, the second Person, was made man for me, and born of the Blessed Virgin; that He died for me on a Cross; that He rose from the dead; that He ascended into heaven; and that He will come again to judge all men. I also believe whatever else the Catholic Church teaches, because it is the teaching of the Holy Ghost, Who is Truth itself, and Who speaks through her.

An Act of Hope.

O God, I hope and trust that, in Thy mercy, Thou wilt pardon me my sins, for the sake of Christ's Passion, and that Thou wilt give me grace to die in this hope.

An Act of Charity.

My God, I so love Thee that I would not give Thee up for all the world, because Thou art

infinitely good, and the source of all good; and, for Thy sake, I love all men, and pray Thee to bestow on them Thy blessing.

An Act of Contrition.

My God, I am sorry from my heart for having offended Thee, not only because I have thereby deserved punishment, but, still more, because of my ingratitude to Thy infinite goodness, and I resolve to avoid, in future, by the help of Thy grace, not only all sin, but also, as far as possible, all occasions of sin.[1]

XIII.—READINGS FROM SCRIPTURE.[2]

In long illnesses it will console the patient to read to him passages from Scripture, such as the parable of the Lost Sheep and the Prodigal Son, *St. Luke*, xv., or the Story of Magdalen, *St. Luke*, vii., 36-50, or that of Lazarus, *St. John*, xi., 1-45. Also Christ's discourse on humility, charity, and forgiveness, *St. Matthew*, xviii.; and instances of His compassion for our sufferings, as *St. Matthew*, viii., 1-17; ix.; xiv., 14-36; xv., 21-39; xx., 29-34; and the stories of the Centurion and the

(1). Other prayers may be found in the "Garden of the Soul," under the heading *Devotions for the Sick*, but do not read them all at one time to the sick person. Choose one or two, especially such as express resignation to God's will, and the acceptance of sickness as an atonement for past sins.

(2.) The utmost care must be taken not to tire the patient. The reading is meant to soothe, not to weary; better give a yard too little than an inch too much.

Widow of Nain, *St. Luke*, vii., 11-23, and of His weeping over Jerusalem, *St. Luke* xix. 28. Also His discourse to His disciples, and His prayer for them, in *St. John*, xiv., xv., xvi., and xvii., and the history of the Passion, *St. Matthew*, xxvi.—xxviii., *St. Mark*, xiv., xv., *St. Luke*, xxii., xxiii., and *St. John*, xviii., xix.

Any of the Seven Penitential Psalms may likewise be read with profit.

XIV.—READINGS FROM THE IMITATION OF CHRIST.

The Imitation of Christ is an inexhaustible mine of useful matter, *e.g.*, in Book I., chapters 12, 13, 18; Book II., chapters 1, 2, 6, 7, 12; Book III., chapters 4, 5, 6, 8, 10, 12, 15, 16, 17, &c., &c. Choose what is appropriate. The fourth Book will furnish many beautiful reflections and prayers before and after Holy Communion.

XV.—PRAYERS FOR THE DEPARTED.

De Profundis. Psalm cxxix.

Out of the depths I have cried to Thee, O Lord; Lord, hear my voice.

Let Thine ears be attentive to the voice of my supplication.

If Thou, O Lord, shalt observe iniquities, Lord, who shall endure it?

For with Thee there is merciful forgiveness: and by reason of Thy law I have waited for Thee, O Lord.

My soul hath relied on His word; my soul hath hoped in the Lord.

From the morning watch even unto night, let Israel hope in the Lord.

Because with the Lord there is mercy, and with Him plenteous redemption.

And He shall redeem Israel from all his iniquities.

V. Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord.

R. And let perpetual light shine upon them.

V. May they rest in peace.

R. Amen.

A PRAYER FOR A FATHER OR MOTHER.

O God, Who hast commanded us to honour our fathers and mothers, take pity in Thy mercy on the soul of my father, (mother), and forgive him, (her), all his, (her), sins, and grant that I may see him, (her), again in the joy of everlasting happiness, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

FOR ANY OTHER RELATIVE OR FRIEND.

Give ear, O Lord, to my prayers, in which I humbly beseech Thy mercy that Thou wouldst receive the soul of Thy servant N., whom Thou hast commanded to leave this world, into the land of peace and light; and bid it enter into fellowship with Thy Saints, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

FOR ALL THE FAITHFUL DEPARTED.

O God, the Creator and Redeemer of all the faithful, grant to the souls of Thy servants

departed the remission of all their sins, that through pious supplications they may obtain that pardon which they have always desired, Who livest and reignest world without end.

Absolve I beseech Thee, O Lord, the souls of Thy servants from every chain of sin, that in the glory of the Resurrection they may rise and breathe again in the company of Thy Saints and Elect, through Christ our Lord. Amen.

Eternal rest give to them, O Lord, and let everlasting light shine upon them. May they rest in peace. Amen.

A PRAYER FOR ONESELF.

Deliver me, O Lord, from eternal death in that terrible day, when the heavens and the earth shall be moved, when Thou shalt come to judge the world by fire.

PRAYER TO ST. JOSEPH FOR A HAPPY DEATH.

O Blessed Father, St. Joseph, who didst breathe out thy soul in the arms of Jesus, and of Mary thy most sweet spouse, come to my help, especially in that hour in which it is decreed that I shall die, and obtain for me the consolation of expiring in the same holy embrace, through Christ our Lord. Amen.

Laus Deo Semper.

St. Stanislaus Kostka.

(1550-1568)

By the Rev. F. Goldie, S.J.

There is in Rome a small and graceful church right opposite to the old Palace of the Popes upon the Quirinal Hill. The Palace is the Pope's no more; and soldiers and courtiers, not of the Pope, throng the narrow street that runs before it. Let us seek refuge from their uncongenial company in this modest sanctuary. On entering we are taken by surprise at its beauty. Circular in form, crowned by a dome, it has deeply recessed chapels, one of which attracts by the richness of its materials. We read on an inscription that underneath the altar repose the remains of St. Stanislaus Kostka. And if we pass on into a room hard by we see his effigy in breathing marble. He is as at the moment of his death, holding a picture of our Lady in one hand and a crucifix in the other. Young he is to die, but there is no shade of sorrow upon that sweet face. Who is this youth, what the story of his short life?

When the fierce flood of revolt against God's Church and God's truth was threatening the whole of Central Europe, Poland faithful and heroic was in grave peril of being drowned in the rising waters. But Masovia, one of her provinces, stood above them, like a rock unsullied, untouched by the deluge. And there, in 1550, when Edward VI. was King of England, dark days for

our dear land, Stanislaus was born. John Kostka, his father, was Senator of that most democratic, yet aristocratic kingdom, and Castellan or Governor of one of its towns. Where every freeman was a noble, nobility was no special privilege. But John was of one of the leading families, and several of his relatives and of the relatives of his wife held high places in the State.

As with so many of God's saints, marvels foretold the greatness of this child before his birth. Stanislaus, the second son—he had a brother Paul older by thirteen months—was born on the 28th of October. After the solemn baptism in the parish church, the child's godfather laid the baby on the ground before the altar of the Blessed Sacrament. It was a fitting consecration for one who was to be so highly favoured by this sublime Mystery and so great a lover of his Lord in the Holy Eucharist.

Under a strict home training, Stanislaus grew up a sweet and winning child. The first act he could recall in after years was the dedication of himself entirely and for ever to God. To this he was so faithful that no wonder his parents used to say, "He is an angel now, he will be a saint hereafter." The Castelian kept open house, but if any one at his table dared to say a coarse word when Stanislaus was present, the boy would raise his eyes to heaven and then fall off into a swoon. And his father had to keep strict watch that the conversation should never turn on forbidden topics. As the brothers grew up, John Kostka looked around for some school where the faith of his sons would be secure, a privilege not easy to find in those evil days. The Society of Jesus, then but lately founded, had been invited by the Emperor Ferdinand I. to open a college in Vienna, his capital. He had lent to them a house belonging to the Crown to serve as a boarding-house for the young men of good family who flocked from all parts of Austria, Germany, and the neighbouring countries to profit by the celebrated teaching and sure orthodoxy of the Jesuit masters. Even Protestants sent their sons thither.

Paul and Stanislaus arrived in Vienna in the July of

1564, accompanied, as fitted their rank, by a tutor, John Bilinski, by a Bavarian valet, Pacifici, and two servants. It was a great delight to Stanislaus to live in such a Catholic atmosphere. The boys shared the refectory with the Fathers, and took part in the services in the church on Sundays and holydays. These were celebrated with all possible splendour as a reparation for the Protestant wrecking of sanctuary and of ritual. The altar was our young Saint's place of preference. He loved to hear three Masses every day, and to visit the church at his moments of leisure; and when there in public, he attracted all eyes by his deep though unconscious reverence, as he knelt in the choir stalls saying his beads or Our Lady's Office, often raised up from the ground in ecstasy. But he strove when it was possible to conceal his fervour from his companions by hiding himself behind the benches.

Scarce eight months had passed before the free-thinking Emperor Max, who had succeeded to the throne, reclaimed the boarding house, at the prayer of his protestantizing nobles, from the Jesuits: and though he did not break up the College, the two young brothers had to seek a lodging in the city. Paul chose one in the house of a Lutheran gentleman, who lived in what was then the fashionable quarter, in the midst of all the gaiety and pleasure so attractive to a young nobleman of sixteen. A party of fellow students, two of their cousins, shared the house with them, and they seemed to join as much amusement as possible with the pursuit of their studies. Nor was the tutor much different from them in his tastes.

But the heart of Stanislaus was already set on leaving the world, and he divided all his time, as before between study and prayer. He did not at first show any special talents in class, but by dogged and continuous work he got to the head of the sixth form, or as it is called in Jesuit terminology, the school of Rhetoric. Besides his ordinary tasks, he learned to speak German. Many of his well-filled note books were preserved as relics in Poland, till the great Revolution. He never

wore the brilliant national dress of his countrymen, and one of his great trials was being obliged to learn to dance. Whilst his brothers were playing cards after dinner, he slipped away to visit the Blessed Sacrament in the Jesuit Church. He never would go out with them of an evening to theatres or amusements, but when they had returned and were asleep he rose at midnight to pray for a long time, and then finished with a severe discipline, the effects of which he found it difficult to conceal. Yet there was nothing stiff or morose about him, but, as is ever the case when self-control is all round and complete, Stanislaus was unchangingly bright and merry. His chubby and rosy face won the hearts of those whom he met.

But a life so different from that of his brother and of his brother's boon companions made him, as is often the case, "grievous" unto them "to behold," and Paul would vent his anger by words and even by blows. He beat Stanislaus with a stick, he kicked him, and he reproached him with living the life of a country clown instead of that of a gentleman. He constantly insisted that his father had sent him to Vienna on purpose to go into good society, and to mix with his equals. His companions in their old age owned that they too had joined in this ill treatment, and often jumped upon this holy boy and trampled him under-foot, as though they had stumbled over him by accident, when in the dark he was lying prostrate on the floor of his room rapt in prayer. One night his companions complained that he was keeping them awake by sitting up late to read a spiritual book. Stanislaus, without a word, went to bed, but kept his candle lit at his side to finish his reading. Just as happened to St. Aloysius, he fell asleep; the candle burnt to the socket and set fire to the curtains. The flames and smoke aroused the others. Everything was in a blaze around his head, and they shouted to him to get up. He awoke, leapt out of bed, but not even a hair of his head was touched.

While unwilling to follow his brother to the parties and balls of the city, there was nothing he would not

do for Paul, for he was exceedingly fond of him. He would even tidy his room and clean his boots, and render any service to him however menial. But nothing that he did softened the harshness of his brother or of his companions. They called him "Jesuit" as a word of scorn, and the tutor, if he interfered when Paul actually ill treated his brother, laid all the blame of what our saint suffered on his refusing to live as his station demanded.

The strain became more than Stanislaus could bear. The bad treatment, the perpetual persecution were not perhaps the sole cause. The long night vigils, the self inflicted penances, the constant application of mind, and perhaps as much as any other thing—the unsatisfied yearning for religious life resulted in a dangerous illness during the December of 1566. Was it delirium or a vision of the evil one, when at the outset of his sickness, a great black dog seemed to leap up to his bed to attack him? Three times it came on and three times by the sign of the Cross our Saint drove it back and then it altogether disappeared. Stanislaus grew rapidly worse. He asked for the last Sacraments, but no priest could ever be allowed to pass the threshold of the Protestant landlord. This privation was more bitter to our Saint than death. He had a great devotion to St. Barbara, and he knew that to her was attributed the special power of obtaining the last Sacraments for the dying. During seven successive nights, Bilinski had watched by the bedside of his charge. Suddenly one evening, Stanislaus touched the tutor and bade him kneel down; "See!" he exclaimed, "St. Barbara is coming into the room with two angels, who are bringing me Holy Communion."

Then the sick boy sprang up in bed and on bended knees repeated three times the *Domine, non sum dignus.* He then opened his mouth, as though he were going to receive, and after that stayed for some time in an attitude of deep reverence. The tutor had become so worn out, that he was at length forced to leave a servant to watch the patient for one night. At day-

break he returned to the sick room and Stanislaus beckoned him to his side, and assured him that he was quite well. Naturally Bilinski thought he was wandering, but the doctors when they came confirmed the statement of the holy youth. What Bilinski did not know, but what Stanislaus told to two of his confessors, was that our Lady had appeared to him and laid her Divine Child on the bed, and that He and the sick youth had embraced and caressed each other. Before the vision disappeared the Blessed Virgin had ordered him enter the Society of Jesus.

This was no new idea to him. For sixteen months the conviction of a real vocation had been in his mind. He had even bound himself by vow to enter religious life. The certainty that his father would refuse consent, the uncertainty whether the Society would receive him had made him keep his counsel to himself. God had called him, of that he could have no doubt. He knew that he "must be about his Father's business," and though he were to cause his earthly father and mother "to seek him sorrowing," he knew his Master's words "that he who loves father and mother more than Me is not worthy of Me." Longer silence and inaction now became impossible. Stanislaus went to lay his request before Father Maggio, the Provincial of the Austrian Province of the Society of Jesus. That Father was however just setting out on his visitation of Poland, then a part of his province, and he refused to receive the youth against his father's wish. No other reason was needed than that the risk lest such a step might endanger the very existence of his order in a country already deeply tainted by Protestantism.

In vain our Saint turned to Cardinal Commendone, the Papal Legate at Vienna, who was at once a firm friend of the Society of Jesus and an old acquaintance of the Kostka family, he had known them when he was Nuncio at Warsaw. Not even the Cardinal was able to shake the determination of the Provincial. Stanislaus then turned with fresh confidence to God. He renewed

the vow he had made, and bound himself to journey the whole world over until he could find some Jesuit house, some Provincial who would accept him.

The Saint addressed himself in confession to a Portuguese Jesuit, Father Antonio, a man of high standing, a former Master of novices, and at that time confessor to the Empress Dowager Mary. This Father whose position gave him a certain liberty of action, made no hasty reply. But after commending the decision to God, he advised the Saint to seek admission from Blessed Peter Canisius, so justly named the Apostle of Germany, who was then Provincial of Upper Germany, and was believed to be at Augsburg. If the Provincial refused, he counselled him to go on as far as Rome and beg the sainted General, St. Francis Borgia himself, to receive him into the Society.

Our Saint prepared for flight by accustoming his brother to his prolonged absences from home. He procured a peasant's dress of course stuff and a straw hat to match, besides a girdle and a pilgrim's staff. When next his brother, with his usual cruelty, attacked him, Stanislaus, instead of bearing it in silence, threatened that if he went on in that way, he would be forced to go away, and that Paul would have to answer for the consequences. This unusual conduct sufficed to throw his brother into a fury and he bade Stanislaus leave at once.

That night our Saint passed in prayer, and early next morning, Sunday the 17th of August, 1567, he went to hear Mass and to receive Holy Communion in the Jesuit church. He obtained from Father Antonio the letter of recommendation which he had promised. As soon as ever he was safely outside the walls of Vienna he renewed his valiant vow. He then changed his clothes, giving those he had taken off, as St. Ignatius had done, to a beggar whom he met. Before leaving he had told the servant that he would not be back for dinner. No one but Father Antonio and a young Hungarian friend, who shared in his aspirations, knew of his decision.

When night came on and Stanislaus did not return,

Paul, Bilinski, and their landlord, Kimberger, felt sure that he had gone to join the Jesuits. Accordingly, early next morning, they went to the college, only to find that he had certainly not been received into the Austrian Province, but had probably gone off to Rome. They returned home in a fury, they cross-questioned the valet, Pacifici, and as soon as day dawned hurried after the fugitive. Bilinski and Kimberger drove off in pursuit in one direction in a carriage, while Paul rode away in another. The two former seem to have come in sight of him, but at that moment their horses—they had gone forty-five miles—stopped dead, nor could the driver make them move an inch further. Paul overtook his brother, but did not recognize him under his disguise although he spoke to him and asked about Stanislaus. The peasant replied that the youth had gone along that road in the early morning. Paul flung some money to the unknown boy, put spurs to his horse and galloped off. He paid the guards of the gates of the various places through which his brother would have to pass, that they should arrest him when he appeared.

Stanislaus thanked our Lady for having protected him, and, when all danger seemed over, pushed forward. Fortunately he met a Jesuit who was on his way to Dillingen, and who, to shelter him, took him past the two next towns in a carriage. But the pilgrim insisted on making the rest of his way on foot. At length he reached Augsburg, apparently in the early morning. Blessed Canisius however was not there, but several miles away, at Dillingen. Stanislaus would brook no delay and started off at once in company with another Jesuit.

Our Saint was still fasting in hopes of receiving Holy Communion and, not many miles further on, he stayed at a wayside church. The hand of the spoiler, alas! had been before him, the church had been *reformed*, neither tabernacle nor Blessed Sacrament was there. Stanislaus burst into tears. But suddenly a throng of glorious angels appeared, lighting up the desecrated sanctuary. One of them bore the Ciborium, and the rest knelt down around our Saint, while once more he received His Lord and Love from heavenly hands.

At Dillingen he found Blessed Peter Canisius in the large Jesuit College, which had been opened in that town. Stanislaus threw himself at his feet and presented him the letter written by Father Antonio. He met with a warm welcome from the holy Provincial, and had Canisius seen his way to it he would have gladly accepted the youth as a member of his own Province. For he must have admired his courage, and, during the short interview, the holy and experienced old man must have read the secret virtue of the soul of Stanislaus. As he was despatching two Jesuits to complete their studies at Rome, B. Peter thought it wisest and safest, according to young Kostka's own wish, to send him along with them. This was surely a Divine overruling, that with the other youthful Saints, Aloysius and John Berchmans, he might glorify the Holy City in life and in death!

Meanwhile to test his constancy, Canisius made the high born Pole act as a servant to the young students in the College. The Saint joyfully embraced the toil and the lowliness of this post. He added to it severe austerities and an almost constant fast. The boys were greatly struck by his gentle humility and readiness to be of service, and his example was to many a call to follow him along the narrow way.

We know but little of the long autumnal journey over Alps and Apennines to the Eternal City. The central house of the Society in Rome—for there were several—was then next to what is now the splendid church of the *Gesù*, wherein the body of St. Ignatius de Loyola is enshrined. The General of the Society of Jesus at that time was the aged St. Francis Borgia, who had left his ducal coronet to wear a heavier crown, to rule over an order which was even then spread throughout the world. He received the travellers on October 25th, 1567, in the little room where his founder had written the Constitutions of the Jesuits. We may be sure he welcomed Stanislaus with special affection, for B. Peter Canisius, in the letter of introduction he had sent, said of him, "I expect great things from him."

One of the great works of St. Francis Borgia during

his Generalate was the organizing separate houses of probation for the novices. It would seem as if the model novice was to inaugurate the first of them, the new house of St. Andrea on the Quirinal, just founded by a lady of royal Spanish blood, Jane de Aragon, the mother of Mark Antony Colonna, the hero of Lepanto. It had been opened only a year before Stanislaus came to Rome.

At first however this house was not large enough to receive all the Jesuit novices at the same time who were then within the Holy City, so that some stayed on at the central house, while others remained at the Roman College, such as it then existed ; or rather the novices were changed about, making part of their two years of trial in each of these different religious houses. Thus all three were hallowed by the presence of our Saint. The life of the Jesuit novice is truly a hidden life, and few, if any, incidents broke the calm of the short ten months which Stanislaus spent in Rome. Among those of various lands who were his companions there were many who had played no unimportant part on the world's stage, and many were in after years to win still purer fame in God's service. But one and all recognized in the gentle Polish youth their master and leader in the path of virtue. The future General of the Society, perhaps the best known, after St. Ignatius, Claud Acquaviva, who had been a prelate in the Vatican, was told off to give the spiritual exercises to the Saint on his arrival, but he owned that his pupil had an abler teacher, for he was taught by the Holy Ghost.

A list of the novices who were contemporaries of our Saint is still in existence. Of these the first was John, one of the old and noble Scottish house of the Hays of Dalgety. With his uncle, Edmund Hay, he had left Scotland in 1562, to become in succession a student of the Catholic Universities of Louvain and Rome. Later on in life, when a Doctor of Divinity he defended the Mystery of the Blessed Eucharist, in Poland, before a multitude of Protestants. None of them dared to reply to his able proofs. And this he did a second time in

the University of Strasburg. He was disguised as a layman, but the learned Chancellor of the time declared that the disputant must be either the devil or a Jesuit. He died Chancellor of the Louvain University at Pont-à-Mousson. In spite of the furious persecution against the faith he succeeded in spending several months in his dear native land labouring for the Catholic cause.

Four Englishmen were in the Roman Noviciate with Stanislaus. Two were sons of Judge Rastall, who, after their birth, sacrificed his high position for his faith and fled from England to Louvain. His mother was a sister of Blessed Thomas More, and the boys were worthy of their illustrious and saintly grandfather. John and Edward were born in ancient Gloucester. John was a true Wykehamite, a student at Winchester College and afterwards at Our Lady's College, Oxford, so well-known as New. There he gained a Fellowship. This he gave up for his faith and entered the Society of Jesus. He became famous for his controversial knowledge. Like his brother, who also became a Jesuit, he passed his later life in the Jesuit Colleges of Germany, as the order had not then entered England.

While Rector of the great house of Ingolstadt, his Provincial, a famous German, Paul Hoffaeus, the fellow worker of the Apostle of Germany, B. Peter Canisius, was dangerously ill. John not only made an offering of his life, that heaven might spare his superior, but urged his subjects to pray for the recovery of the Provincial. Their prayers were heard. God took Father Rastall and spared Hoffaeus.

A third Englishman, Giles Fesard, profited so well by the example of Stanislaus that he was entrusted with the care of the novices at Prague, and died a holy death with the words of the ninety-fourth and thirty-second Psalms on his lips. "Come let us praise the Lord with joy. Rejoice in the Lord, O ye just!"

The fourth English fellow-novice, Christopher Perkins, was, alas! to prove a double-dyed traitor. Turned out from the Society, he became a friend of the Cecils, came back to England, abandoned his faith, and,

though without Orders, was made Protestant Dean of Carlisle. He rose to be Latin Secretary and Envoy Extraordinary to Queen Elizabeth, and played the part of a persecutor of Catholics under James I. He married an aunt of the favourite Buckingham. But he never gained the regard of his countrymen and his conscience was torn with remorse. He lies in a forgotten grave in Westminster Abbey.

Among the many great names of those who were novices at the same time, two stand out in the history of the Eastern Missions. First and foremost is Blessed Rodolf Acquaviva, who fought his way into the Noviciate against the wish of his father, the Duke of Atri. He was refused in consequence by the saintly General, St. Francis Borgia. St. Pius V. who was then Pope, at last interfered and gained the father's consent. The soul of Rodolf was full of a desire to go to Hindustan, the goal of so many holy hearts, since St. Francis Xavier had shown the way. He became the founder of the Mission of Central India, afterwards transferred to Agra, and which has existed from those days till our own. The most remarkable of the race of Mohammedan rulers of India, the Emperor Akbar, conceived the greatest regard for him and lodged him in a portion of his palace, in the marvellous city of Fatehpur-sikri, which he had created like a fairy dream in a brief space of time. To this day the ruins are an object of astonishment to all who behold them. There Rodolf had a public chapel, and by his ardent prayers and wonderful power of holiness, by his ready use of the Persian tongue—the language of the court—he strove to win to God the mighty ruler. But Akbar was a man before his time and if neither a fanatical Hindoo nor a believing Musselman, was, like so many men of our own days with no religious convictions, save those which were dictated by his interests or his fancy. God who shielded Blessed Rodolf in the midst of that royal city, had reserved for him a martyr's death in Salsette of Goa.

Alexander Valignani, a young Piedmontese gentleman

who had been thinking of entering the army, took to study and won the Doctor's cap at nineteen, in the great University of Padua. When, from the path of promotion, he was called to the Society, he never halted on the path of perfection. He was made master of Novices when he had but lately finished his own Noviciate, and was then sent with full powers as visitor of the Jesuit Missions in the Far East. India, China, and Japan, were for thirty-three years the scenes of his unwearying labours, and God called him to his reward, as He had called his great model, St. Francis Xavier, on a little island, over against the mainland of China.

Obedience, the flower of a Jesuit's virtue, was with Stanislaus so perfect that not even a thought ever rose in his mind against any command, nor did any present the slightest difficulty to him. Neither did he ever fail through the fickle member—the tongue, so thoughtful was he before he spoke, so gentle and so wise were his words. They were full too of charm and set all hearts on fire with love of God, coming as they did from a heart aflame with ardent charity. He had a special gift of lifting the conversation in a joyous and easy way up to highest thoughts. Our Lady and the privilege of a religious vocation seemed his favourite topics. His face would flush and tears of joy would come to his eyes when he thought of this grace. He had written out those of the rules which concerned him and carried the copy always about him. One page of this is still treasured as a precious relic.

His countenance, which had grown pale by sickness, breathed forth a sort of fragrance of holiness that drove out evil thoughts from tempted minds and fostered holy desires in those who saw him His very portrait seemed to have this effect. He crucified his flesh by every means that his superiors would allow, and he ever thirsted for more penance. One of our English Confessors, Father James Bosgrove, who escaped the traitor's death at Tyburn only by being reprieved while on the road, met St. Stanislaus one day in the streets of Rome. The cruel imprisonment he afterwards

endured in the London prisons, the tortures he went through therein never blotted out the impression which that angel face had made upon him. The prayer of our Saint grew more ardent as his end drew nearer. To him, as to St. Aloysius, distraction was unknown. His day was in fact almost an unbroken prayer. His modest downcast eyes used ever and again to be cast upwards towards heaven with a deep sigh—as of earnest longing. He went about the house as if lost to all but God, and his lips moved in colloquy with Him. His eyes were constantly brimming over with tears, and in time of prayer these flowed down in streams. Often he seemed rapt in ecstasy.

As on the face of Moses, so the reflection of God's presence was seen at times in this angelic youth, and his face shone as a flame. But still more frequently the divine fire which burnt within his heart produced such effects that he was unable to conceal them, for the heat within was so intense that it brought on spasms and fainting fits. Again and again clothes dipped in the chill water of the garden fountain had to be applied to his chest, or during the winter time he walked out in the novices' garden, when the bitter north wind was blowing, that it might temper the flame that consumed him and was wasting away the structure of his earthly tenement. His superiors gave him in charge of one of the novices, a doctor by profession, with orders to watch over him and use any restoratives that science could apply. His love of Mary was, after that of Jesus, the reigning power of his soul. He could not find phrases sufficient to express her worth, and the Rosary and Little Office were recited by him every day with a visible delight.

In the early part of the summer of 1568, B. Peter Canisius had come to Rome, summoned by St. Pius V. to give his advice as to the means of advancing the faith in Germany. The Novice-master invited this saintly and experienced man to come and give a spiritual exhortation to his little flock, and many of the Fathers from the other houses in the holy city asked and obtained permission to be present. It was the 1st of

August, the harvest time, when the Romans make merry as though to brave the deadly fever which then stalks over Rome. He took for his text a local proverb—*Ferrare Agosto*—Welcome to August; and he taught from it the wise lesson to enter upon each month as if it were our last, and to get ready by fresh diligence to meet our God.

It was the custom for the novices after an exhortation, to gather in little groups and talk over what they had heard. Stanislaus said that while the warning was useful for all, to him it came as a summons from God that he should die that month. He was in his ordinary health and no one seems to have attached much weight to what he said. That same day, as is the custom in many religious houses, each novice drew from a heap of tickets the name of a patron Saint of the new month. The martyr St. Laurence fell to Stanislaus. He asked his superiors to allow him a long list of penances in the Saint's honour. But they refused permission for the larger portion. Four days after, Stanislaus went on a visit to his favourite sanctuary of our Lady, the Madonna of St. Luke at St. Mary Major's: it was the beautiful festival of the Dedication of the Basilica, when a miraculous fall of snow had marked out the site of the church and gained for that day the title of Our Lady of the Snow. He had for a companion a venerable old professor of Sacred Scripture. Talking on the way about the coming feast of Our Lady's Assumption, which is kept so solemnly every year at St. Mary Major's, the young Saint plainly said he hoped to witness it in heaven. The Father thought he only meant that he would see its glories in spirit.

On the 9th of August, the eve of St. Laurence, he performed a public penance in the refectory, and went next morning to Holy Communion. He carried on his breast a letter, addressed to our Lady, begging for the privilege of being admitted to enjoy the coming feast of the Assumption in Heaven, and imploring St. Laurence to present this his request to Mary and to further it by his prayer. He spent that morning working in the

kitchen. The fire and no doubt the heat reminded him at once of hell and of the martyrdom of his patron on the gridiron. Before the day was done Stanislaus felt so ill that he was forced to inform the Brother, who had charge of him, and as he was being carried up stairs to his bed, he again said that he should die in a few days. His Master of Novices and Claud Acquaviva came to visit him, and to both he told the request he had made to his heavenly Mother, and that he hoped by that time his prayer was heard. On Friday two days later, a slight tertian fever declared itself and he was borne in the arms of a German novice, whom he had known in Dillingen, up to another and more airy room. When he reached it, he knelt down beside the bed and prayed for a short time, and then before getting into it, he blessed it and said, "I shall never get up again," adding, to calm the sorrow of those round about him, "At least, if it please God!"

Sunday came, the eve of the Assumption, and, though no serious symptoms had shown themselves, the Saint assured a Brother who was waiting on him that he would die that night. "It would need a greater miracle for you to die of so slight an illness, than to be cured of it;" was the reply, "unless indeed our Lady wishes you to spend the Assumption with her in heaven." But before the day was half past a sudden fainting fit, accompanied by the loss of strength, showed that his words were too true. "O man of little heart!" said the Novice-master laughingly, as the patient regained consciousness; "do you lose courage for so slight a matter?" "I am a man of little heart," replied the Saint; "but the matter is not so light, for I shall die of it." The symptoms grew more serious, and at nightfall he made his confession, and the Holy Viaticum was brought to him. The sight of his Lord revived him. His whole frame trembled with emotion, while the light came back to his eyes. As the novices knelt around him, weeping bitterly at his approaching death, he humbly begged pardon for the faults he had committed and thanked his superiors for their great

goodness to him. He especially begged that the Father General should receive his expression of gratitude for having received him into the Order. Then with deep devotion he made his last Communion, and received Extreme Unction. He reverently repeated all the responses of the holy rites.

One thing alone troubled him, a doubt as to whether he had been ever confirmed. The state of things in Poland in Austria and Germany, and the short time Stanislaus had been in Rome would have accounted for the omission had there been any. It was urged that it was now too late, and one of the Fathers comforted him by recalling the singular graces which he had received, and he thus regained his peace of mind.

After receiving Extreme Unction, he repeated his confession to gain the Indulgence granted at the hour of death. Then the dying youth talked for a brief space, his face all beaming, to those around him. A blessed rosary was put into his hands and the Father, who had had charge of him when at the Professed house, and had come to visit him, asked him,—for he kept on kissing the medal,—what he was doing with his beads. "They are my most blessed Mother's," he replied with a bright smile. "Courage," the Father said, "for you will soon see your Mother and be able to kiss her hand!" The very thought transported him with such joy that he lifted up his hands and eyes, as though he already beheld her. He kept repeating the holy names, and then every now and again, "My heart is ready, O God, my heart is ready!"

Stanislaus for a third time made his confession. He had asked time after time to be laid on the ground that he might die as a penitent. At last the request was so far granted that a pallet was stretched on the floor and he was placed upon it. The night was wearing on. He inquired about his fellow novices and when he found they had gone to bed he renewed his messages and greeting, and begged again their forgiveness for all the scandal he had given! There were kneeling around him his two Novice-masters and a few other

members of the community. As he felt his hour draw nigh, he said to his confessor, "The time is short." "Yes," the Father replied, "it remains"—; "That we be ready," added the Saint.

Then he followed fervently some other prayers said by the Fathers, grasping his crucifix all the while. They feared to tire him; but when they ceased, he at once began to pour out his soul in Latin, thanking God for all His favours, especially for having died for him and for having called him to religious life. Then he kissed devoutly the wounds of his Crucified Lord and bowed his head over the Crown of Thorns. He called for a little note book in which he had marked down his monthly patrons, and begged those around to pray to those Saints for him. He was asked if he were prepared to die and his joyous reply was, "My heart is ready, O God, my heart is ready!"

The morning of our Lady's Assumption was come, the dawn was near. Suddenly he ceased his prayers, and his face beamed with a wonderful joy. He gazed around the room and seemed as though he wished those present to join in an act of reverence to some high and holy personage who was present. He kept saying that he saw distinctly Mary and a band of angels—and then the face with the radiant smile upon it settled down into the peace of death. Stanislaus lay there with a blessed candle in one hand, his crucifix and rosary in the other. The bystanders looked at each other as if to ask whether or no he were dead. One of them raised to Stanislaus' eyes a picture of our Lady which lay beside him. This had always met with a response. Now there was none. It was evident that his soul had gone to God. It was shortly after three when he entered upon his reward.

We almost seem to know St. Stanislaus, with his pleasing but pale face, though with a bright flush on his cheeks and his eyes bright when not dimned by a mist of tears. He was of middle height, full grown and strong. As in the beautiful statue at Rome, so did his brethren find him, when rising at an early hour they

saw him lying as though in a calm sleep, but gone from them to God

After Stanislaus' flight from Vienna, Paul Kostka had returned to his father in Poland and both of them were very indignant at what had happened. The old Castellan wrote a violent letter to Stanislaus, which reached him while still alive, threatening to come himself and bring the fugitive back in chains. The Saint sent back a firm but gentle reply, and Paul was despatched to Rome to carry out his father's threat, but did not arrive until a month after his brother's death, only to find the whole city ringing with the fame of the sanctity of Stanislaus. He returned home a changed man. The funeral had been attended by crowds, and the fame of our Saint's holiness spread quickly to Poland. Two years later 1569 the body was found incorrupt. A versified life of the saint was published at Krakow in 1570, and, in 1602, Clement VIII. gave an authorization for the work to be published in Rome and in the Brief he five times called Stanislaus by the name of Blessed.

The news of this honour was received with rapture in Poland, and the family of Kostka especially shared in the universal joy. Our Saint's father and mother and two brothers were then living, though the father and Albert, one of his sons, died shortly after. Even before the death of his holy mother, Paul gave himself up to a life of great prayer, austerity and charity. He even begged to be received into the Society of Jesus, though then a broken-down old man. The permission was granted, but he passed away before he could carry out his designs. He had never ceased to lament to the very end with bitter tears his cruelty to his holy brother. Strangely enough he died on the 13th of November, 1605, the day of the month afterwards chosen for the Saint's feast. The tutor, Bilinski, became a priest, and conceived great devotion for his holy pupil. He died with the portrait of the holy youth before him and St. Stanislaus came to comfort him in his agony.

In a crisis when Poland, the bulwark of Christendom, seemed to be going down before the hordes of the Great Turk, the king of that valiant country sent to Rome to beg for the skull of St. Stanislaus. The Poles had chosen the saint for one of their national patrons. The victory of Chocim, in 1621, was attributed to the arrival of the precious relic. Nor was this the only time when his countrymen owed to his intercession their safety in moments of like peril. The great John Sobieski held with a small force a post for twenty days against a Turkish force fifteen times more numerous than his own, and this success he attributed to the intercession of St. Stanislaus.

It was on the 13th of November that St. Stanislaus' remains were translated to the exquisite little church where they now repose. In 1726 the holy Dominican, Pope Benedict XIII., raised St. Stanislaus with his brother Saint, Aloysius Gonzaga, to the highest honours of the altar, that of a canonized Saint.

During the evil days of French invasion a good Canon, at great peril to himself, received the precious relics from St. Andrea's and carried them for safety to Austria. When Pius VII. came to his own again, the relics were restored. But the powers that be have not respected a sanctuary hallowed by so many Saints and by the tomb of one of the Kings of Savoy, who had laid down his crown to become a lay-brother of the Society of Jesus in that holy house. The noviciate was pulled down in spite of the petitions of the ladies of Poland, and the graceful statue and memories of the Saint were transferred to a new building alongside the church. The skull, or at least a portion of it, escaped the perils of the revolutionary wars, and this is now the precious treasure of the exiled Fathers of the German Province of the Society of Jesus.

May the memory of our brave young Saint be a shield to the youth of every land in moments of danger! May he intercede for his heroic Fatherland! And may young and old alike follow him in his devotion to Our Lord and in his deep affection for Our Lady!

BUT THEY DON'T!

A LETTER TO THINKING PROTESTANTS.

My dear Protestant Friends,

You will often ask in horror and dismay how it is that Catholics can believe this or do that: for instance: "How can Catholics put the Virgin Mary on the same level with the great 'Mediator of God and man, the man Christ Jesus?' How can they adore images of wood and stone?" and the like.

Now, questions of this sort remind me very forcibly of another which Charles II. of England once proposed to some learned men of his day. "Why is it," gravely asked the wily monarch, "that a live fish weighs less in the water than when it is dead?" The puzzled men of science scratched their wise heads, and various were the learned reasons assigned by them for this curious phenomenon.

At last it suddenly occurred to one of their number, that it might be just as well, before submitting their answers to the king, to test the truth of the *fact*. And lo and behold! on making the experiment they found that the live fish *didn't* weigh less in the water!

Well, this is just the kind of answer which Catholics have to give to many wondering questions asked by Protestants about the Catholic Faith:

But Catholics DON'T!

Let me give a few examples, and in them you may find ample reason for suspecting that a similar answer applies to many other questions of the kind.

1. Why do Catholic authorities forbid the laity to read the Bible?

Answer. **But they DON'T!**

They do, indeed, forbid *something*. But what is it? They forbid the printing and circulation of *translations* of the Bible in the native tongue, which have not been examined and found correct by competent authority. This supervision is a *condition* for publication.

Now if the Catholic Church really condemned Bible-reading, is it likely she would *make laws for it?* The law of England does not lay down conditions for forgery, because it wholly condemns it under all circumstances. What can a Protestant lover of the Bible find to object to in this prohibition to use *unauthorized* translations? Surely it is highly praiseworthy that the Catholic Church should protect her children from being fed upon what is *not* the Word of God, but the human adulteration of an ignorant or designing translator.

You can easily test for yourselves whether

Catholics *are* allowed to read the Bible, or not. Just go to a Catholic bookseller and ask for one, and let me know if you can't get it. You *will* get it: and what *you* can buy, that the Catholic can buy just as freely (provided he pays).

Now don't say, my friends, that this sale is carried on *in spite of* the Catholic authorities. This reply will not hold water: for in each of these Bibles you will find the "Imprimatur" or "leave to print" of Church authority. Since, therefore, Catholic authorities stamp the Bibles with the seal of their fullest approbation, what answer can be given to your query "why do they forbid the spreading of the Bible" except this: **They Don't!**

2. Why do Catholics adore the Virgin as though she were equal to God?

Answer. **But Catholics DON'T!**

They know quite as well as any Protestant that Mary is a mere creature of God like the rest of us, only far more indebted to the Divine bounty and to the merits of the Precious Blood of Christ than any other creature, on account of the greater gifts which she has received. So they would hold it a *heinous sin* to adore her as on a level with God.

Catholics do *honour* her, and, in this limited sense, worship her, if you will. But God honoured her *first* and *most* by the mouth of His angelic messenger Gabriel (St. Luke i. 28).

So subjects honour their Sovereign above all others, yet no one accuses them of injuring God thereby.

Catholics do *praise* Mary for her excellencies. So we do praise men for their great qualities, without thereby comparing them with God. We praise the master-pieces of great artists, and by this honour the artist most. So, too, our praise of Mary redounds to the praise of Him who made her what she is.

Catholics do ask Mary to pray for them to our Lord. But do we not pray for each other, struggling sinners though we still are?—if we don't, we disregard the Bible precept: "Pray ye one for another that ye may be saved." (St. James v. 5.) The prayer of the just availeth much." (ibid.) We may then surely *ask* Mary to do for us what God has bidden her do, without being told that we are making a goddess of her. If the "prayer of the just" is powerful, what must be the power of the prayers of her whom the Bible declares to be "full of grace" and "blessed amongst women."

Catholics also *kneel* in prayer to Mary. So subjects kneel when presenting petitions to an earthly queen; yet no one thinks they are paying *Divine* worship to the Crown.

Catholics pay outward marks of reverence to statues of our Lady, decorate them with flowers and lights, carry them in procession. But so do Members of Parliament bow to the Mace; Conservatives deck the statue of Beaconsfield with primroses, and when the Queen's Jubilee was celebrated, Protestant Englishmen were seen to carry images of Her Gracious Majesty! You may also see her image on the reredos behind the altar of Winchester Cathedral. Yet Protestants see no dishonour to God in all this, nor

do they consider it paying Divine worship to metal and stone.

3. **How can Catholics pay money to their priest for forgiving them their sins?**

Answer. **Catholics DON'T!**

If you really want to know the truth, ask some practising Catholic—a friend perhaps—who actually goes to Confession: for you don't. He will tell you: "I don't pay a farthing." If a Catholic accused you Protestants of some wicked practice and you replied "Protestants don't," would you not expect him to believe you? Would you not deem him unreasonable if he still persisted and professed to know what Protestants did or did not do, better than Protestants themselves? Then deal with others as you would be dealt with.

4. **How can Catholics, when they want to do something wrong, fancy that by getting an "Indulgence" from the priest, they may lawfully do it?**

Answer. **Catholics DON'T!**

1. No Catholic supposes that his priest can grant any indulgences at all. Even a Catholic Bishop has very limited power in the matter.

2. If you take an indulgence to mean "permission to commit sin," or, what is just as wide of the mark, a kind of white-washing of the conscience *after committing it*, then, my dear friends, you have yet to learn what Catholics mean by an indulgence.

Any one who seeks permission to commit sin, clearly *wishes to sin*—a wish which is a sin in itself. Now this sinful intention renders the Catholic *wholly incapable* of gaining an "indulgence" for the act contemplated. No indulgence nor a million indulgences—can according to Catholic teaching—wipe out the *guilt* of the least venial sin. Should you wish to know more about indulgences, consult a Catholic book of instruction.

5. **How can Catholics hold that a Pope can do no sin, *i.e.*, is "Infallible' as they call it?**

Answer. **But Catholics DON'T hold any such nonsense!**

The Pope can sin; Bishops and priests can sin. But, my friends, the "Infallibility" claimed for Popes has *nothing to do* with sinning or not sinning. It simply means inability to *teach* wrongly, in virtue of special divine assistance given to the Head of the Church on earth *when he settles matters of faith.*

The difference between the two things is immense. A magistrate may *decide* a point of law quite rightly, and yet he may *violate* a point of law in private conduct, and be sent to gaol.

6. **Why do Catholics deny salvation to all who do not profess the Catholic Faith?**

Answer. **Catholics DON'T!**

What they really hold is this: A man who is *convinced in conscience* that the Catholic Faith

alone is the way of salvation taught by Christ, and declines to walk in it, forfeits salvation. So says the Catholic Church, and our Lord said just the same: "He that believeth not *shall be condemned*" (in Protestant Bible "shall be *damned*") (St. Mark. xvi.16). A man in the state of conscience described, is in open rebellion against the will of God clearly known to him. *Of course* he cannot be saved! "He that *doth the will of My Father* who is in heaven, he shall enter the kingdom of heaven."

But Catholics also say: If a man be honestly ignorant of the truth of the Catholic Faith, and yet repentant of his sins, and sincerely prepared to do *whatever* God requires of him "*he* shall enter the kingdom of heaven." It is in this sense that Catholics understand the Creed of Pius IV., where it says that without the Catholic faith "it is impossible to be saved"—*i.e.*, if *wilfully rejected*, though known to be true.

Thus applicants for reception into the Catholic Church are never asked to believe that all their dear departed relatives and friends are lost.

7. How can I believe what Catholics tell me about their faith, when they hold it lawful to lie for the good of the Church, or for any other object they consider good?

Answer. **But Catholics DON'T!**

Even if a Catholic could gain all England, or the whole world, to the Catholic Faith by telling one tiny lie, there is not a Catholic priest (whether a Jesuit or any other) who would not forbid him to tell it.

The means is not justified by the end. No object however holy in itself can ever justify the use of unlawful means, nor can the holiness of the end in view make them lawful.

With every kind wish,
I subscribe myself,
Yours faithfully,
One Who Doesn't.

P.S. As you are fair-minded, truth-loving men and women, let me give you kindly warning not to trust blindly to "what everybody says" about Catholicism.

Examine for yourselves. You, as Protestants, hold that each one should judge for himself in religious matters.

Well, then, all I ask is that you be true to your own rule. Ascertain for yourselves what Catholics *really* hold from *Catholic* sources, and not from Protestant tracts or Protestant friends. Why should these know more about Catholics than Catholics themselves? When I want to know what *you* hold, I go to *Protestant* books or people.

It is not common sense to go to a man's opponent for a true account of his character. At least one should hear his friends *as well*. Thus a man of intelligence studies *both* sides, and becomes capable of judging.

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